Saturday Review

JULY 1980 $1.50

John Fowles:
Truman Capote's new book

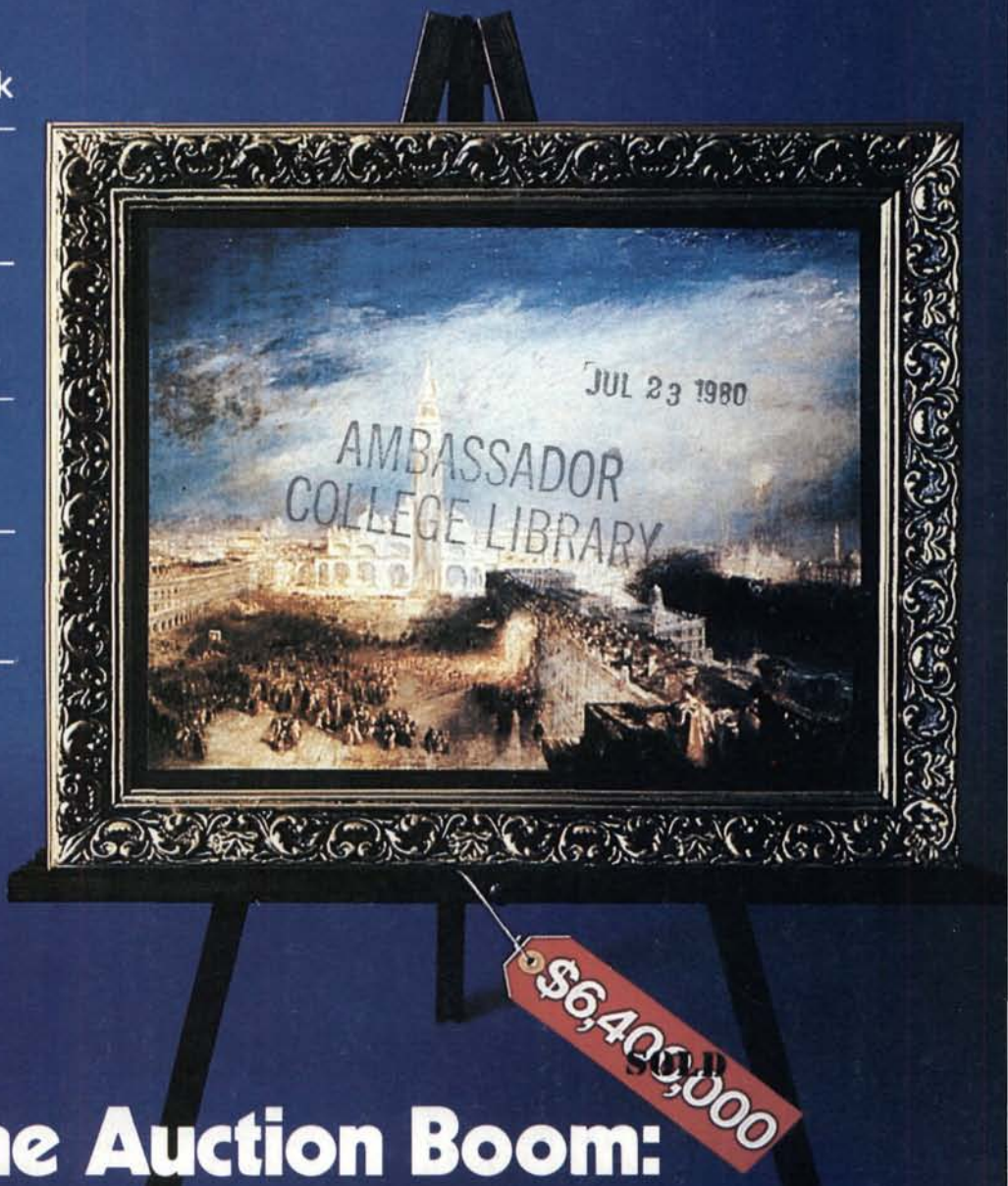
Government and the arts:
Are we funding junk?

Isaac Bashevis Singer:
His thoughts on writing

A great private collection:
The Ganz Picassos

Jeff Greenfield:
Treasures in cable TV

Irving Kolodin:
Fischer-Dieskau's decline



The Auction Boom: What Price Art?

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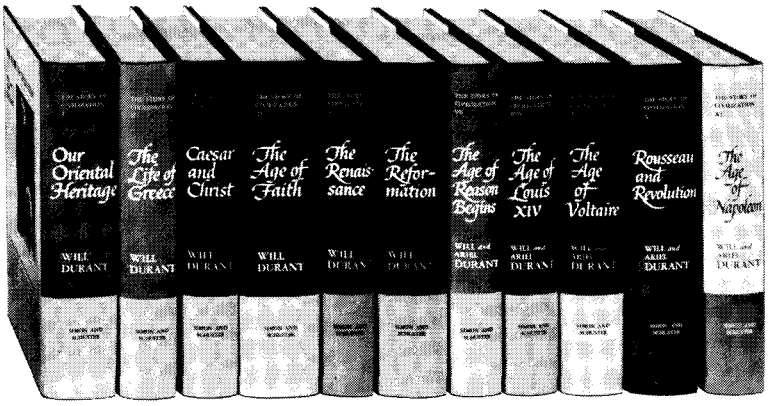

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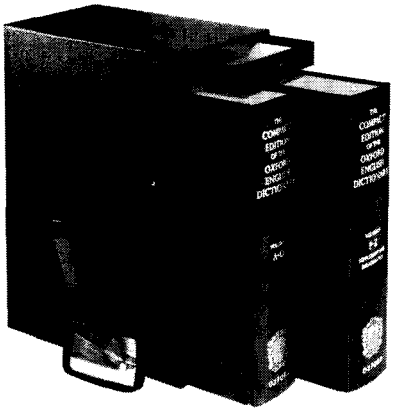

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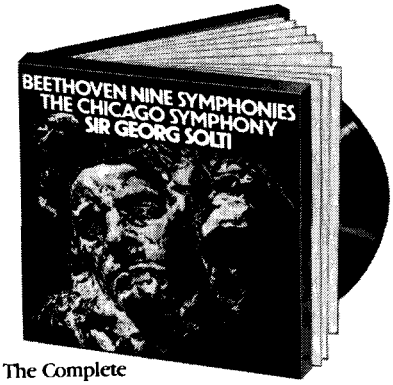

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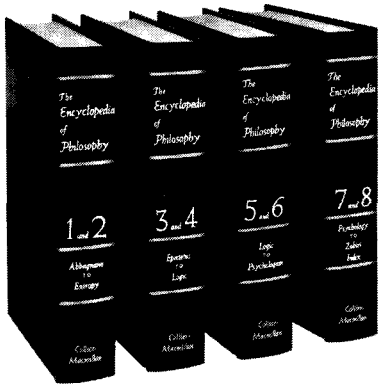

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Saturday Review JULY 1980

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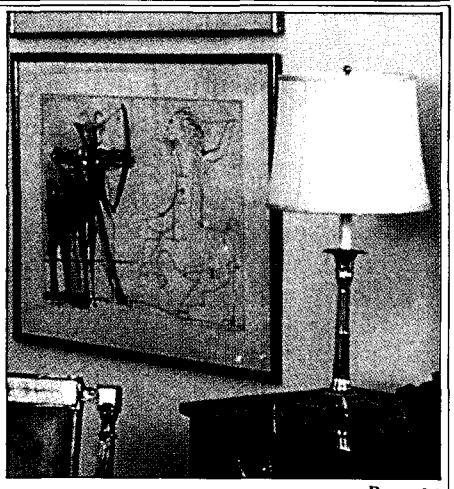

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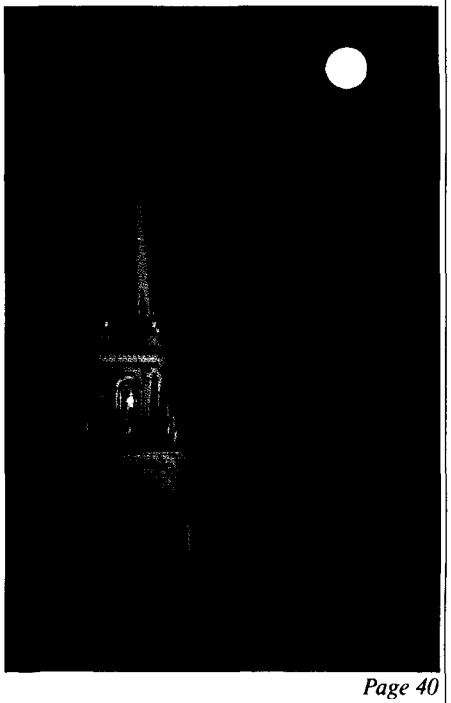

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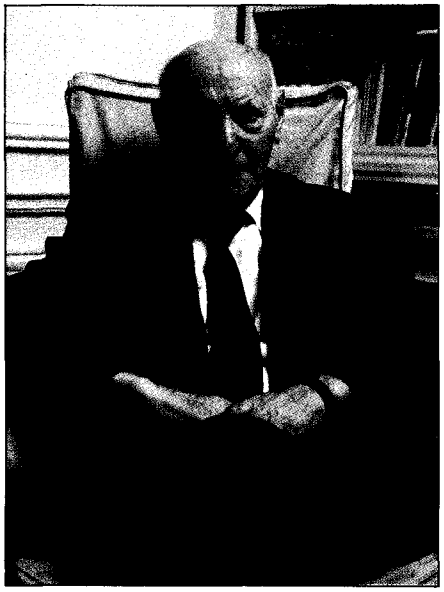

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The Soviet Threat

Saturday Review has served the country by publishing Robert Moss's sobering, careful, and, I believe, correct analysis, "Reaching for Oil: The Soviets' Bold Mideast Strategy" [April 12]. It is a fireball in what is becoming a very dark night.

George F. Will
Chevy Chase, Maryland

I take issue with Robert Moss's article "Reaching for Oil." Moss continues to see the world as bipolar, with the U.S. on one side and the Soviets on the other. He claims that the Soviet Union will use Afghanistan, Iran, and Pakistan as stepping stones to Saudia Arabia "if the West allows it." Moss's analysis makes light of Third World nationalism and power. He leads one to assume that the Soviets can make pawns out of any country they choose. The greatest danger in accepting Moss's theory is that it is inflexible. He is applying yesteryear's theories to today's events. The West must be wary of the tides of change, not ignorant of them. Creative policy is necessary. We cannot afford to court the ghosts of past generations.

Eric Schneider
Lake George, New York

People Who Count

As the nation's leading private supplier of demographic statistics, we read Ben Yagoda's article "Who Counts? The Politics of the 1980 Census" [April 12] with great interest. It was the finest, most thorough article we have seen on the subject. Keep up the good work!

Douglas C. Salter
President,
National Data Planning Corp.
Ithaca, New York

Two Cheers for Carter's Boycott

Norman Cousins's editorial "The Statesmen and the Athletes" [April 12] is a well-stated argument in favor of sending our athletes to Moscow.

I am concerned, however, that he has chosen to ignore the new issue that has arisen from President Carter's actions regarding the Olympics. Right or wrong, the President has requested an Olympic boycott, and it would be most difficult not to equate such a boycott with patriotism. It is unfortunate that our athletes may not be allowed to participate in the Olympics, but it might not be a bad thing to realize that being a citizen of the United States is more important than the transient glory of an athletic contest.

Christina Kalakuka
Oakland, California

Norman Cousins replies: Two separate issues are involved in the matter of U.S. participation in the Moscow Olympics. One issue is whether the cancellation of U.S. participation is the best way of expressing our displeasure over Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The second issue is whether, even if one takes a position in favor of participation, one is justified in holding to that position once the President has made a firm decision against going to the Olympics.

My editorial has argued the case against cancellation. Since that editorial was written, the President has announced his decision against participation and has called for the popular support of the American people. I do not believe it would be wise or proper to repudiate the President under the present circumstances.

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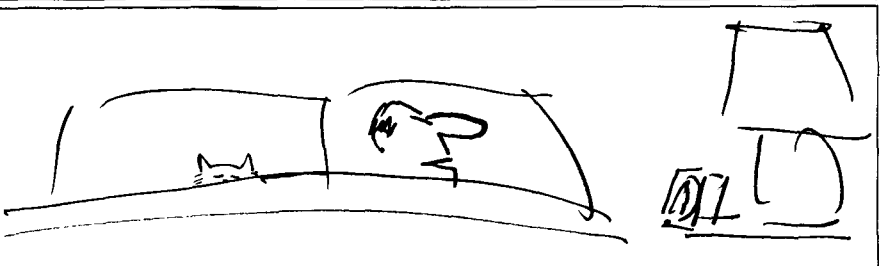

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CALENDAR

for July

Film

Opening dates vary. Check local listings.

The Big Red One. A look at World War II through the experiences of four young members of a rifle squadron led by a battle-toughened sergeant. Lee Marvin, Mark Hamill, Robert Carradine, Bobby Di Cicco, and Kelly Ward star. Directed by Sam Fuller.

Dressed to Kill. Psychological murder mystery with Michael Caine as a New York psychiatrist trying to unravel the erotic fantasies of a beautiful patient. Starring Angie Dickinson and Nancy Allen.

Hooray For Betty Boop. Old black-and-white Betty Boop cartoons ingeniously reworked into a feature-length color story. Directed by Dan Dalton.

No Nukes. Footage of the concerts held during the September 1979 no-nuke rally at New York City's Madison Square Garden. Performers include pop stars Jackson Browne, David Crosby, Stephen Stills, Graham Nash, the Doobie Brothers, Bonnie Raitt, James Taylor, Bruce Springsteen.

Raise the Titanic. Materials vital to U.S. defense must be recovered from the sunken liner. Starring Jason Robards, Richard Jordan, David Selby, Anne Archer, and Sir Alec Guinness. Directed by Jerry Jameson.

Theater

Continuing through July 12 **Cyrano de Bergerac**, by Edmond Rostand. Williamstown Theater Festival, Williamstown, Massachusetts. With Frank Langella and Laurie Kennedy.

Continuing through July 27 **An Almost Perfect Person**, by Judith Ross. Trinity Square Repertory Company, Providence, Rhode Island. Directed by Melanie Jones.

6

Staged readings of 12 new plays in progress Eugene O'Neill Theatre Center, Waterford, Connecticut (through August 3).

7

The Student Prince, the operetta by Sigmund Romberg. The Connecticut Center for the Performing Arts, American Shakespeare Theater, Stratford, Connecticut (through July 12).

8

Camelot, the Lerner and Loewe musical. New York State Theater at Lincoln Center, New York City. Christine Ebersole as Guenevere opposite Richard Burton's King Arthur (through August 23).

9

Tourist and Refugees, a collaborative theater piece directed by innovative director Joseph Chaikin. LaMama Experimental Theater Club, New York City (through August 3).

10

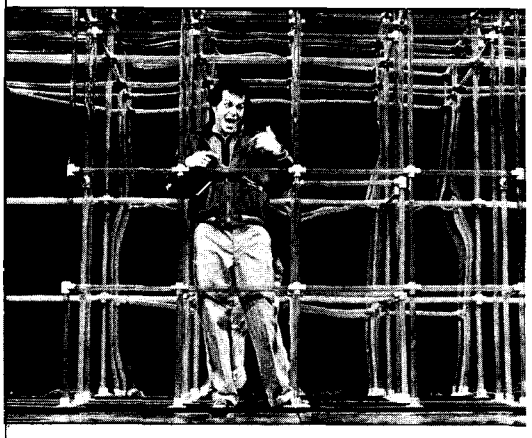
True West, a new play by Sam Shepard. Magic Theatre, San Francisco, California. Two brothers, trying to write a hot screenplay, make family blood boil (through August 10).

15

Candida, by George Bernard Shaw. The Williamstown Theatre Festival, Memorial Theatre, Williamstown, Massachusetts. Starring Blythe Danner (through July 19).

On Golden Pond, by Ernest Thompson. American Stage Festival, Milford, New Hampshire. Directed by Brian Murray (through July 26).

The Pirates of Penzance, by Gilbert and Sullivan. Delacorte Theater, New York City. Part of the New York Shakespeare Festival. Cast includes Linda Ronstadt, Kevin Kline, George Rose, Patricia Routledge, and Rex Smith. Directed by Wilford Leach (through August 24).



P.J. Benjamin in *Charlie and Algernon.*

19

Brief Lives, adapted by Patrick Garland from the writings of John Aubrey. Stratford Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Ontario (through September 6).

24

Catsplay, a comedy by Istvan Orkeny, translated from the Hungarian by Clara Gyorgyey. Cleveland Playhouse, Chautauqua, New York. Directed by Larry Tarrant.

30

April Song, a musical adapted and directed by Albert Marre. John Drew Theater, East Hampton, New York (through August 2).

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31

Charlie and Algernon, by David Rogers and Charles Strouse. Folger Theatre Group, Eisenhower Theater of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, Washington, D.C. Based on Daniel Keyes's novel *Flowers for Algernon* and directed by Louis W. Scheeder (through August 30).

Music

Continuing through July 13 **Copenhagen Jazz Festival**, Copenhagen, Denmark. Featuring Ray Charles and Stan Getz.

Continuing through July 13 **Spoleto Festival**, Spoleto, Italy. 23rd season begins with Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* conducted by Christian Badea (July 6, 8, 10, 13). Cavalli's *Erismena* (July 5, 6, 10, 12) also performed.

Continuing through August 11 **Glyndebourne Festival**, Glyndebourne, England. Andrew Davis conducts *The Magic Flute* with Norma Burrowes and Isobel Buchanan as alternating Paminas (July 6, 9, 11, 13, 18, 21, 24, 28). *Der Rosenkavalier* to be presented for the first time since 1965 (July 5, 7, 10, 12, 16, 20, 25, 27, 29, 31).

Continuing through August 16 **Tanglewood Festival**, Lenox, Massachusets. Seiji Ozawa conducts a semi-staged performance of Puccini's *Tosca*, with soloists Shirley Verrett, Sherrill Milnes, Veriano Luchette (July 26).

Continuing through August 18 **Ravinia Festival**, Highland Park, Illinois. James Levine conducts the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Soloists include pianist Andre Watts (July 11) and Misha Dichter (July 17, 31).

Rose and Zukerman on PBS.

Continuing through August 24 **Chautauqua Summer Programs**, Chautauqua, New York. The Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra with such distinguished soloists as Pinchas and Eugenia Zukerman (July 25) and Robert Merrill (July 26).

Continuing through September 25 **Athens Festival**, Athens, Greece. Featuring the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra of Britain (July 28, 29).

Continuing through August 31 **Wolf Trap**, Filene Center, Vienna, Virginia. Mstislav Rostropovich conducting the National Symphony Orchestra in two all-Tchaikovsky programs (July 18, 20). Beverly Sills with the New York City Opera in *The Barber of Seville* (July 28).

8

Hollywood Bowl Summer Festival, Los Angeles, California. Carlo Maria Giulini leads the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra (July 22). Itzhak Perlman with the orchestra (July 18, 19) and solo (July 23). Zubin Mehta conducts two all-Tchaikovsky programs (July 25, 26)., Festival continues through September 13.

Munich Opera Festival, Munich, Germany. Opens with *Der Rosenkavalier* and continues with *Orfeo* (July 10), *Lear* with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (July 19), and *Tristan und Isolde* (July 23, 27, 30).

14

Mostly Mozart Festival, Avery Fisher Hall, New York City. Six weeks of concerts, beginning with Gerard Schwartz conducting the Festival Orchestra. Also featuring the Tokyo String Quartet (July 15, 17) and Pinchas Zukerman (July 24, 28-30).

25

Wagner Festival, Bayreuth, West Germany. Opens with *Parsifal*, Horst Stein conducting and Siegfried Jerusalem starring. Followed by Dennis Russell Davies conducting *Der Fliegende Hollander* (through August 28).

26

Salzburg Festival, Salzburg, Austria. Opens with Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's new *Contes d'Hoffman*, conducted by James Levine (through August 31).

Television

Date and time may vary. Check local listings.

7

(8:30-10:00 PM, PBS) **The War Called Peace**. A documentary on the Soviet Union's involvement in Afghanistan.

9

(10:00-10:30 PM, PBS) **Tonight at Carnegie Hall**. Footage of rehearsals and performances by Isaac Stern, Leonard Rose, and Pinchas Zukerman. Interviews with the artists.

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for July

12

(10:00-10:30 PM, PBS) **Images of Indians**. The first of five half-hour programs on the American cinema's portrayal of native Americans.

14

(8:30-10:00 PM, WTVS) **A Party With Comden and Green**. The second of eight Mobil Showcase Summershows. Lyricist/librettists Betty Comden and Adolph Green (*Singin' in the Rain, On the Twentieth Century*) perform their own material.

(9:00-10:00 PM, PBS) **Numero Un**. A French variety show featuring Catherine Deneuve and mastermime Marcel Marceau.

23

(9:30-10:00 PM, PBS) **Picasso: An Exhibition at the Walker Art Center Minneapolis**. A documentary on the show, highlighted by interviews with the late artist's biographer and friends.

Art

5

Three Sculptors: Noguchi, Oldenburg, Segal, Walker Art Center, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Works from the Walker Center's excellent collection (through September 1).

8

The Russian Avant-Garde: 1910-1925, Los Angeles County Museum of Art, Los Angeles, California. First comprehensive U.S. exhibition of Russian avant-garde artists' work, which reflects the political and social turmoil of late czarist and early Soviet Russia (through September 28).

9

American Impressionism, Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston, Massachusetts. Works by Homer, Sargent, Whistler, and Cassatt (through August 31).

Continuing through August 31 **Edward Weston**, Blixt Gallery, Ann Arbor, Michigan. Forty prints by an accomplished exponent of realism.

19

Philip Guston Retrospective, Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C. Works from the figurative, abstract, and late figurative periods in Guston's art (through August 31).

Photography

Imogen Cunningham, Witkin Gallery, New York City. Traveling exhibition of 60 photographs by the noted nature and portrait photographer (through August 22).

10

Edwin Casper, Neikrug Photographica Ltd., New York City. A major exhibition of 40 works.

17

Wynn Bullock and Paul Caponigro, University of Oregon Museum of Art, Eugene, Oregon. Work of two masters of black-and-white photography (through August 10).

18

The Grand Tour, International Center of Photography, New York City. Mid-19th-century photos from the renowned Leonard/Peil collection (through September 21).

Dance

Continuing through July 26 **American Dance Festival**, Duke University, Durham, North Carolina. 46th season. Features performances by Twyla Tharp Dance Foundation (July 3-5) and the Paul Taylor Dance Company (July 7, 8, 10, 12).

Continuing through August 23 **Chautauqua Summer Programs**, Chautauqua, New York. Debut of a work by Jean-Pierre Bonnefous (July 17) and a performance by the New York City Ballet, featuring Merrill Ashley and Sean Lavery (July 31).

Continuing through August 23 **Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival**, Becket, Massachusetts. Nation's oldest summer dance festival. Featuring Matthew Diamond's new company, Diamond, and the Washington Ballet (July 8-12), and the Trisha Brown Dance Company with Rosalind Newman and Dancers (July 22-26).

8

Saratoga Festival, Saratoga Springs, New York. The New York City Ballet at its permanent summer residence (July 8-26). The Twyla Tharp Dance Foundation will also perform (July 28-August 2).

11

Pepsico Summerfare '80, State University of New York, Purchase, New York. A five-week summer arts festival will be inaugurated by the Pennsylvania Ballet (July 11,12) and will feature the direct-from-Paris Crow's Nest Dramadance Concert (July 18, 19).

15

The Berlin Opera Ballet, Metropolitan Opera House, New York City. The 75-member company, with guest artists Rudolf Nureyev and Valery and Galina Panov (through July 26).

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Your interest in a BMW, Volvo, Audi or Mercedes is completely understandable. That's because you don't know about the Saab.

Based on sheer facts alone, your enthusiasm for all those cars would seem to be somewhat unwarranted.

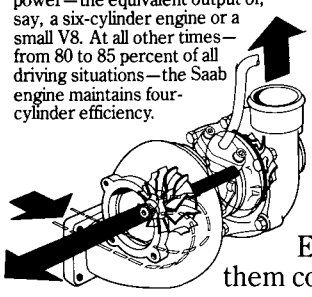
Size.

The exterior dimensions of the Saab 900 are similar to those of the Audi 4000 and 5000, the Volvo 244 and 264 and the BMW 320i and 528i.

Inside, however, the Saab 900 is bigger than all of them.

It's large enough inside, in fact, to be classified a mid-sized car by the EPA.

(The Mercedes 280E, 280CE and 280SE, by the way, are larger outside, but smaller inside. Like the Audis, Volvos and BMWs, the EPA has officially designated them compact cars.)

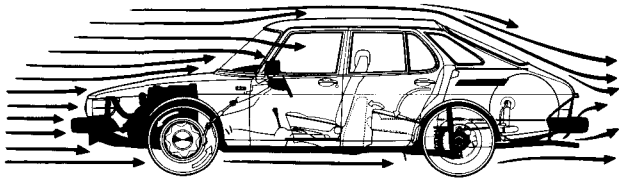


In general terms, the Saab turbocharger provides "on demand" power—the equivalent output of, say, a six-cylinder engine or a small V8. At all other times—from 80 to 85 percent of all driving situations—the Saab engine maintains four-cylinder efficiency.

Performance.

Against the clock in a 1979 *Road & Track* magazine test, the four-cylinder Saab 900 Turbo recorded 61.4 mph through a 700-ft. slalom course.

Faster than the Volvo, the two Audis, the three Mercedes and the four BMWs tested by the *Road & Track* editors in '78 and '79.



Due in part to the fact that the very first Saabs were designed by aircraft engineers, Saabs have always been aerodynamic.
This is the only measure of styling that truly ought to matter.

Faster, also, than two Ferraris, two Jaguars and a couple of Porsches, including the 928.

Braking.

From 60 to 0 in the nearly two years of *Road & Track* tests, the front-wheel drive Saab 900 Turbo stopped faster than the Audi 4000, the Audi 5000, the BMW 320i, the BMW 333i Alpina, the BMW 528i, the BMW 633CSi, the BMW 733i, the Datsun 280 ZX, the Ferrari 308 GTS, the Jaguar XJ6L, the Jaguar XJ12L, the Maserati Merak/SS, the Mazda RX7, the Mercedes-Benz 450SEL and the Volvo 242 GT. Which is really stopping.

Utility.

Saab has made provisions which make a station wagon unnecessary.

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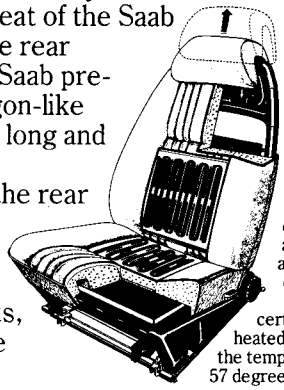
Yet even with the rear seat in place, the Saab trunk is huge. As large, by 1980 EPA measurements, as the trunks in the largest sedans.



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Economy.

The Saab 900 EMS gets (21) EPA estimated mpg and 30 estimated highway mpg.

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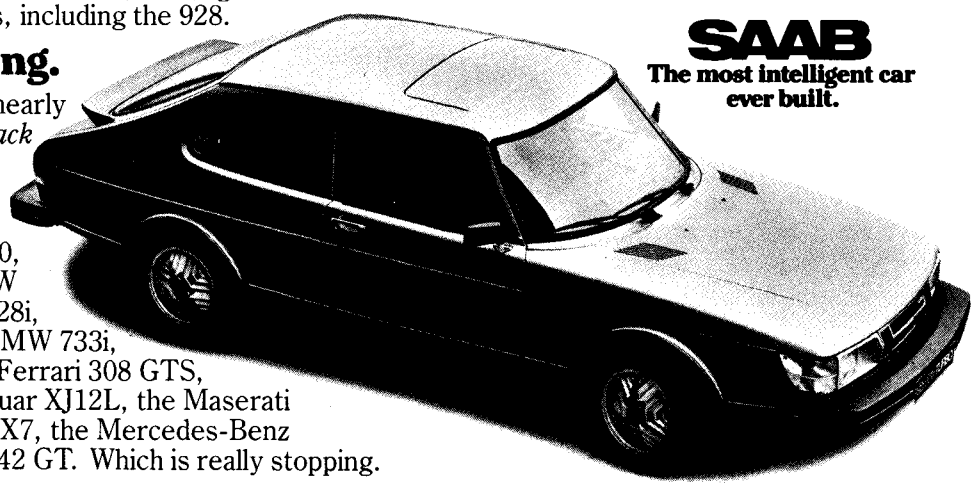

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EDITORIAL

Report to the Readers

Readers of this magazine were informed in the May issue of a change in the ownership of *Saturday Review*. Following publication of that announcement, I have received a substantial number of inquiries from readers asking for additional information about the sale. I can readily understand the concern of many readers who have learned, either through stories in the press or in *SR* itself, about the changes. Why has the magazine been sold? What does the sale portend?

Carll Tucker was good enough to keep me informed as the negotiations leading to the sale progressed. Carll had gone as far as he could with the resources at his disposal. There was no mistaking the depth of his personal commitment to the magazine. He assigned himself the toughest jobs at *SR*. I admired the way he stood up under serious business pressures.

There were two major decisions that Carll felt he had to make. One was to adopt a monthly frequency. The second was to obtain vigorous long-term backing. This objective was accomplished with the sale of *SR* to Robert I. Weingarten and Alfred H. Kingon, who have had dramatic success with *Financial World* magazine.

It was not the first time that Bob Weingarten and Al Kingon have been involved in discussions about the ownership of *SR*. Eight years ago, just before *World* magazine merged with *SR*, I talked with Bob Weingarten about a possible association. He had taken over a small financial journal and was giving it new life and strength. There was something about him that reminded me of Jack Cominsky, who for many years had been my business partner at *SR*. Bob, then in his early thirties, had Jack's remarkable combination of business acumen and ebullient confidence in a good editorial product. What impressed me especially was that Bob had come to love *SR* through his parents, who had subscribed to the magazine from its earliest days. Yet another asset in the potential association with Bob was his editorial partner, Al Kingon, who had been a follower of *SR* since high school.

For various reasons, discussions with Bob Weingarten eight years ago never culminated in the relationship we both sought. I was delighted, therefore, when Carll told me about his meetings with Bob and Al. *Financial World* had become very successful, both editorially and commercially. I found recent issues to be editorially excellent. Even more important, the magazine had developed a social viewpoint that excited my admiration. I was heartened, therefore, when I learned that the negotiations Carll was conducting with Bob and Al had ended in agreement.

"No journal has a more resonant cheering section when it publishes something that the readers find worthwhile."

Now that they have acquired *SR*, Bob and Al plan to return the magazine to its earlier emphasis on books, ideas, and the arts. They intend to maintain the monthly frequency just initiated by Carll, who will remain as Editor.

They have also asked me to continue presiding over this page, an invitation I have been pleased to accept. Few things have been more rewarding to me over the years than the relationship with the readers of this magazine. It seems to me that what the readers bring to *SR* is as important as what *SR* brings to its readers. I have always had a sense that our readers do not merely peruse the magazine but regard it as personal property. No journal has a more resonant cheering section when it publishes something that the readers find worthwhile; and when we have had a lapse of taste or judgment, it has been as painful for our readers as it has been for us. But they have forgiven us. They are, in a very real sense, the owners of this magazine.

It has now been two years since I left New York to begin a new life at the School of Medicine at the University of California at Los Angeles, where I have joined the new program on Medicine, Law, and Human Values. The program, like those of similar nature in other medical schools, reflects a sharpened recognition of the need for the humanistic training of physicians. UCLA is among the leaders in this direction. Dean Sherman Mellinkoff, knowing of my strong interest in the biochemistry of the emotions, has assigned me to a special research group he created to study this field. I have been given modest teaching responsibilities and also have been afforded opportunities to visit patients in need of emotional support. Before long, I expect to write more fully about the work at UCLA.

Right now, I want to express my admiration for the new owners' belief in the magazine and in its readers. Bob and Al have the skills and resources to give *SR* the substance and the excellence that its readers expect. I respect their confidence in *SR*, its history, and its readers.

SR now starts out on a new phase. Its plucky phoenix has once again found a firm perch. I have high expectations for the magazine, as, I am sure, do its readers.—**N.C.**

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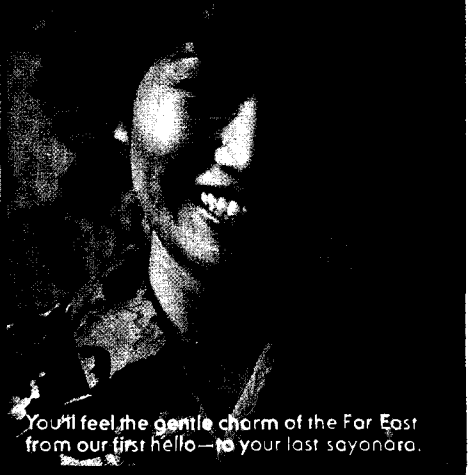

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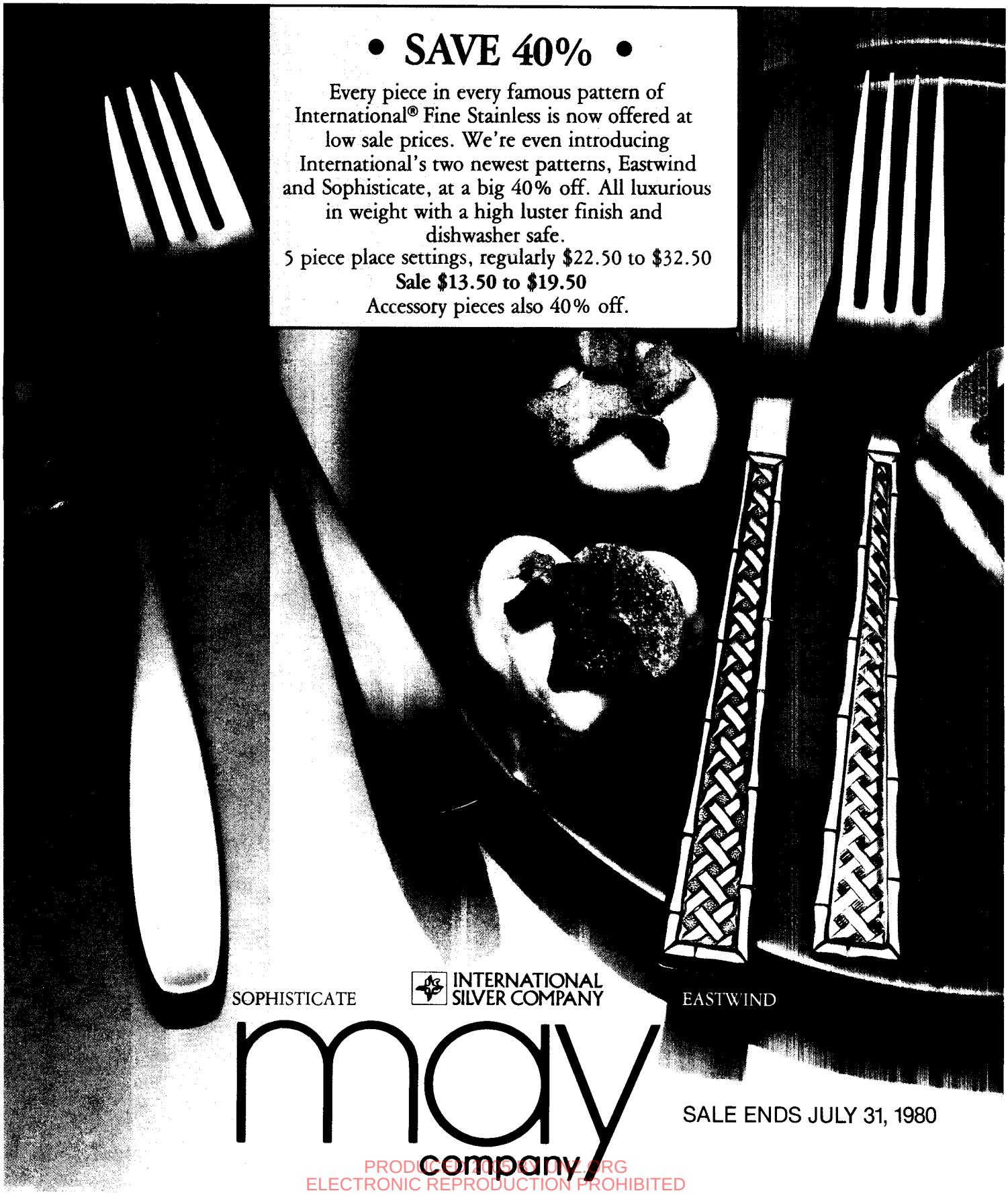

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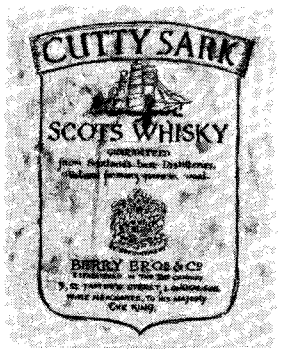

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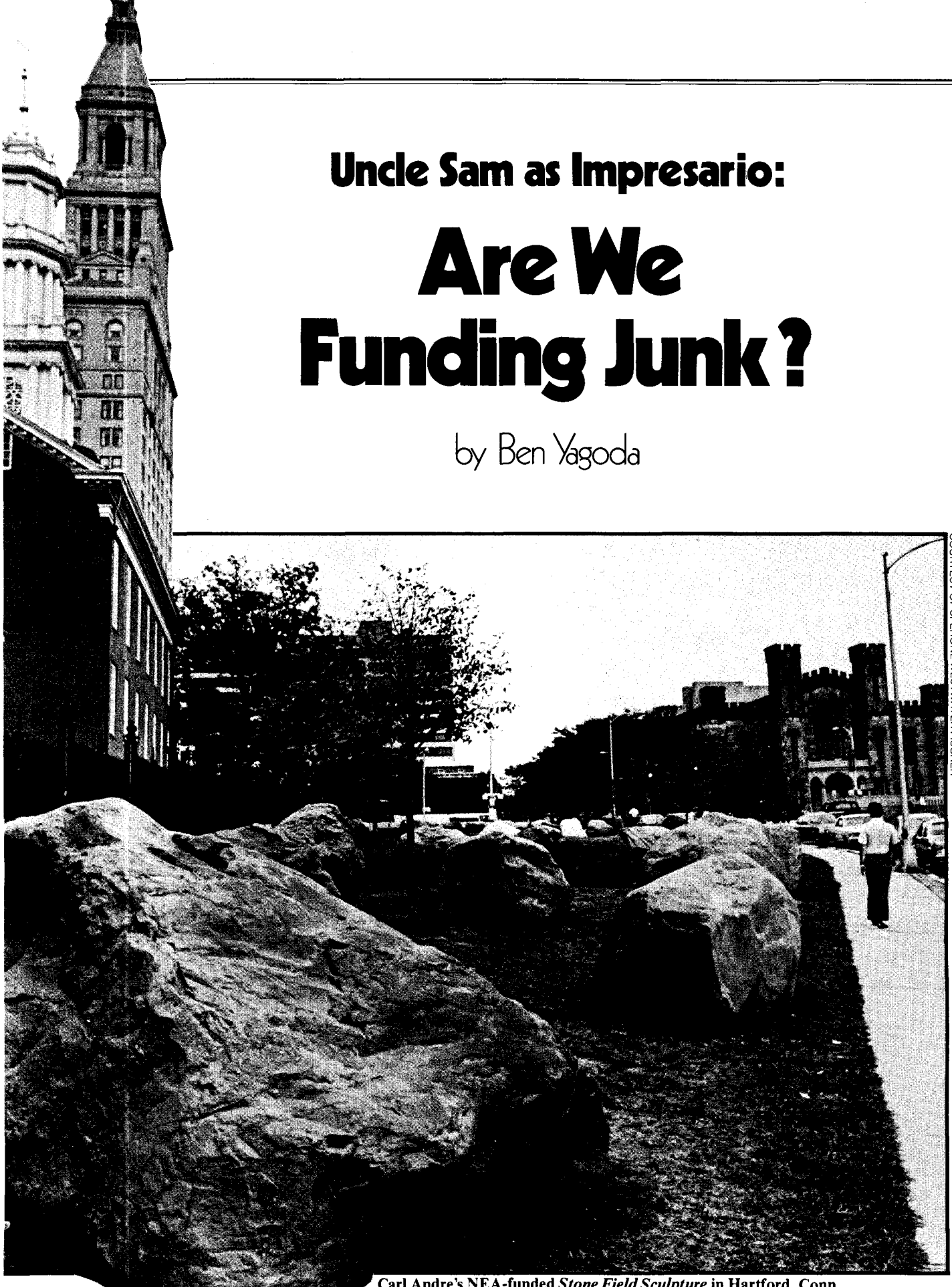
Uncle Sam as Impresario:

Are We Funding Junk?

by Ben Yagoda



COURTESY OF SPERONE WESTWATER FISCHER

Carl Andre's NEA-funded *Stone Field Sculpture* in Hartford, Conn.

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Last fall a short piece of videotape looped so as to repeat itself over and over—for a total of 30 minutes—was aired on a New York City cable TV channel. The tape showed a tethered dog being shot in the head. The entire enterprise, according to its architect, Tom Otterness, "was an execution. It presents itself." The piece was no more bizarre, really, than many works perpetrated in the name of conceptual art; what made it controversial was that the project that produced it received one-third of its budget from the National Endowment for the Arts.

When the NEA—the federal agency charged with promoting the arts—makes the papers, it's usually because of misguided ventures like this one. But such fiascos give a one-sided picture of the NEA's activities. Its scope is vast.

The Endowment—which had appropriations of $154 million for fiscal 1980—is small for a federal agency, but it is by far the largest single contributor to the $2 billion spent annually on the nonprofit arts in this country. Moreover, while the Endowment's spending is now temporarily (it hopes) holding steady thanks to the budget-balancing sentiment in Washington, it has hitherto grown at an astounding rate—from an appropriation of $2.5 million in its first year, 1965. And Chairman Livingston L. Biddle Jr. expects it to reach the $500-million level before its annual allotment from an increasingly sympathetic Congress finally plateaus.

The NEA was created 15 years ago because Congress found it "necessary and appropriate" for the government to help "create and sustain not only a climate encouraging freedom of thought, imagination, and inquiry, but also the material conditions facilitating the release of this creative talent." Washington had not subsidized American artists (except indirectly by allowing tax write-offs for cultural contributions) since the short-lived WPA programs of the 1930s; the legislators who created the Endowment were no doubt aware that other countries had long traditions of such support. The Swedish government, for example, spends more than $7 per capita on the arts; in the U.S. the figure is even now only about $1.

Under the chairmanships of Roger Stevens, Nancy Hanks, and Biddle (who was an assistant to Senator Claiborne Pell, the man responsible for drafting the NEA's original enabling legislation), the main business of the Endowment is making grants to artists and nonprofit institutions—nearly 5,000 of them every year. The NEA's philosophy of appropriations rests on two pillars. All grants are awarded by rotating *panels* of experts in the 12 programs (Architecture and Design, Dance, Education, Expansion Arts, Folk Arts, Literature, Media Arts, Museums, Opera/Musical Theater, Inter-Arts, Theater, and Visual Arts). Among the current theater panelists are people like actor Len Cariou, *New Yorker* drama critic Edith Oliver, and Lloyd Richards, head of the Yale Repertory Theater and the Yale School of Drama. Assuming a petitioner fills out his forms correctly, the panels, which meet for several days several times a year, make all decisions—thus, theoretically, guarding against federal intervention in the conduct of the arts. And all grants to organizations have to be *matched*, dollar for dollar, by private donors. Thus the arts are promoted, not merely subsidized, and have to prove outside support.

Within ten years, one NEA program was supporting 167 dance companies, many of them mediocre or worse.

By most accounts—in the government and in the arts world—the Endowment has been a remarkable success. Professor Milton Cummings of Johns Hopkins University has said, "No other agency has made a dollar go further and had so much impact." That the Endowment continues to receive even symbolic funding increases at a time when most Great Society programs—even food stamps—are long gone or are being cut back, is in good measure testament to that record.

Something known as the Baumol-Bowen thesis has notably helped the Endowment. Formulated by two economists in a 1966 book called *Performing Arts: The Economic Dilemma* the thesis holds that because nonprofit arts institutions are labor-intensive and, beyond a certain point, increases in efficiency can never take place (a string quartet can't be performed by fewer than four people), they will always need contributions just to break even. Moreover, in inflationary times those contributions have to increase. The BBT has been seized on, enthusiastically and profitably, by institutions in quest of grants and by the NEA in quest of appropriations.

Dramatic growth is rarely an unmixed blessing, and it has not been one for the Endowment. Expansion has highlighted whatever structural and philosophical problems the agency started out with: Matters that can be overlooked when the budget is $20 million a year have to be confronted when it septuples.

We begin with that all-time favorite elitism/excellence vs. populism/access/lowering of standards. Particularly under the Carter/Biddle administration, it has been charged, the Endowment has neglected the country's major cultural institutions, many of them located in New York City, and the tradition of artistic excellence. Now, former Yale School of Drama dean Robert Brustein has written, it spreads its "relatively meager moneys among educationalists, audiences, and amateurs as well"—funding murals for ghetto day-care centers, community craft programs in Iowa, Tut-style blockbuster exhibitions, and the like.

Nevertheless, staff members call elitism/populism a "false issue" and are quite defensive about allegations of an anti-New York bias. (When I called Phillip M. Kadis of the Policy and Planning office, his first words were, "You haven't been told to write about how bad we are to New York, have you?") New initiatives—like the Expansion Arts and Inter-Arts programs, which make grants to community-oriented and unconventional applicants—have not, it is pointed out, come at the expense of the old. The Metropol-

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itan Opera still gets its money.

A related issue is politicization/democracy. Brustein and former NEA deputy director Michael Straight have led the charge here, Brustein contending that "politicization went much deeper than the intervention of pressure groups, vested interests and meddling politicians" for a slice of the NEA pie. The move toward populism, he wrote, was made "on the essentially political assumption that any resources generated by the people should benefit all the people immediately."

Biddle, as befits his congressional background, takes a different view. "I equate the words political and the political process with the process that runs our government and our democracy," he told an interviewer. "Therefore, I look upon that as a strength rather than as a weakness."

Strength or weakness, it has clearly helped the Endowment in its congressional appropriations efforts. The agency's budget must be approved annually by the House Subcommittee of the Department of the Interior and Related Agencies, chaired by Sidney Yates (D.-Ill.); and as a Yates staff member says, "The new direction has answered the complaints of a number of constituencies within Congress—urban, ethnic, non-New York."

A third controversy is boom/proliferation. The figures here are familiar and indisputable. Between the Endowment's creation and 1978, the number of symphony orchestras eligible for funding increased from 58 to 144, opera companies from 27 to 65, theater companies from 22 to 270, and dance companies from 37 to 200. What is disputable is, 1) whether the boom represents a genuine flowering of the arts or merely a flowering of second-raters; and 2) how responsible the Endowment is for the proliferation.

To answer number two first, it depends on the field, but in some the Endowment has been a decisive presence. Dance is a striking case. The NEA's Dance Touring Program, inaugurated in 1967, paid local sponsoring groups one-third the cost of presenting dance performances by approved companies. Troupes began starting up because the DTP was an easy way to get bookings; and virtually every company that asked to be included was. By 1977 The List of approved companies had become The Book—167 companies in all, many of them mediocre or worse. The Dance Program has since realized the error of its ways and tightened eligibility.

As to the value of proliferation, there is undeniably a glut of undistinguished performers and creators. *New York Times* art critic Vivien Raynor says, "There are too many artists around. You can infer that from the emptiness of the art and the emptiness of the writing about it."

Once there are funds to be had, people begin to think more about how to get them than what to do when they arrive.

Still, even so unreconstructed an elitest as Raynor's colleague Hilton Kramer sees good signs in the boom: "Anybody can get a crowd into a museum by shrewd advertising. But people keep coming back. It's because they're finding spiritual nourishment in art that they can't find elsewhere."

Equally problematic is the question of whether the NEA should effectively bring arts institutions into existence, provide operating (as opposed to program) support or funding without which the institution couldn't survive. In theory and by law, no, no, and no; in practice, it does all three.

Such unresolved questions point to the final, and probably most serious, cluster of code words: indirection/freedom vs. planning/dictation. The Endowment, it has been charged, has characteristically reacted rather than acted. Instead of leading, it has merely handed out more and more grants. Whatever programs it has initiated, the argument runs, have been hampered by an absence of planning and evaluation—the result being a host of unconsidered and unintended effects, ranging from the spawning of "service organizations," like the American Symphony Orchestra League, which seems to exist largely to lobby for still more money, to proliferating dance companies.

The Jose Limon Dance Company was one of those stricken from The Book of approved companies, and artistic director Carla Maxwell feels that the DTP shakeup was ill-conceived and mismanaged. "They cut us off without any explanation," she says, "but it's clear to me that 80 percent of it is politics. The worst thing is that losing the NEA seal of approval hurt us more than being included helped us—and that's no way for an agency that's supposed to support the arts to work." Choreographer Senta Driver, whose HARRY company has been a frequent NEA beneficiary, says, "They encourage companies to lie about their budgets, to say they are paying union salaries and then not do it The NEA says matching figures are all-important, but then never checks up on them."

Many artists complain about the tangled web of forms and bureaucracy they must confront before even sitting down to create. Claudia Weill, whose film *Girlfriends* was subsidized by the NEA, recently talked about her strategy: "Once you've written a proposal or a treatment, you just keep filling out forms and handing the proposal in over and over again. You develop a "grant cant," a way of presenting something so that it seems eminently fundable and serious. Even if you're not eligible, you think of a way of defining yourself as eligible. It's a way of life."

The Endowment's response to such charges has two parts. First is an admission that things may have proceeded a little too quickly and carelessly in the past, and a promise to do better in the future. David Searles, former deputy chairman for Policy and Planning, says, "We've always been good at bringing people together to discuss their problems and feelings—it was the 1960s reduced to a science. That's about to come to a halt. We're channeling a lot more of our resources into research and evaluation."

The second defense is that the Endowment's perceived lack of leadership is actually a correct interpretation

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of its mandate: that too much intervention would be an attempt to dictate the arts.

Indisputably, the NEA has done good. In the 15 years of its existence, corporate giving to the arts has risen from less than $22 million annually to more than $265 million—and it can be assumed that a good many of those contributions, like the $1 million the Ledler Foundation recently gave to the New York City Opera, were direct results of the Endowment.

The NEA can also claim credit for the renaissance of particular art forms, like dance and the regional theater. Cleveland Morris, of the Delaware Theater Company, says, "Thanks to the NEA, regional theaters can afford to use the finest artists of the American stage. Without it we would be forced into the pattern of summer stock—revivals of tired musicals, touring stars, and shoddy productions."

The NEA's self-definition struggles and still-unresolved policy questions are ultimately, however, functions less of the Endowment itself than of problems inherent in the idea of publicly subsidizing the arts in America today. One characteristic of those arts is their strongly antithetical, often *in*-accessible or destructive, nature—made more dramatic by the fact that so many easily digestible cultural activities turn a profit and are thus outside the NEA's purview.

If this darker side of the arts is to be recognized by the NEA, as it must, it will inevitably clash with the agency's blue-skies, arts-boom public pronouncements, which give the impression that the typical American artist is Thomas Hart Benton or Agnes DeMille. It will also clash with the Endowment's non-dictation stance.

A second difficulty is that aesthetics and politics do not mix. As Robert Brustein noted, the political sponsors of the Endowment quite naturally want tangible results, especially as the budget enters eight-figure territory. Art does not work in those terms.

A final unavoidable factor is that money changes everything. Once there are funds to be had, people begin to think more about how to get them than what to do when they arrive. Service organizations appear, grantsmanship flourishes, and a high-powered arts establishment comes into existence.

Have any masterpieces been produced by NEA grantees? That's an unfair question, because it takes time for masterpieces to be recognized and because you can't audit art. Still, I found it significant that whenever I asked the question at the NEA press office, all I was told was Twyla Tharp, Twyla Tharp. I am sure that Tharp's grant helped her progress; but I am equally sure that eventually she would have made her mark no matter what. The NEA unarguably aids the dissemination of culture; with creation, with genius, it has far less to do. The arts, it is worth remembering, will survive the National Endowment. ■

Ben Yagoda, a freelance writer living in New York City, has contributed to many national publications.

TONY RUSSELL

Twyla Tharp's dance company blossomed under NEA grants.

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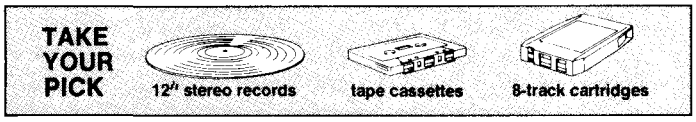

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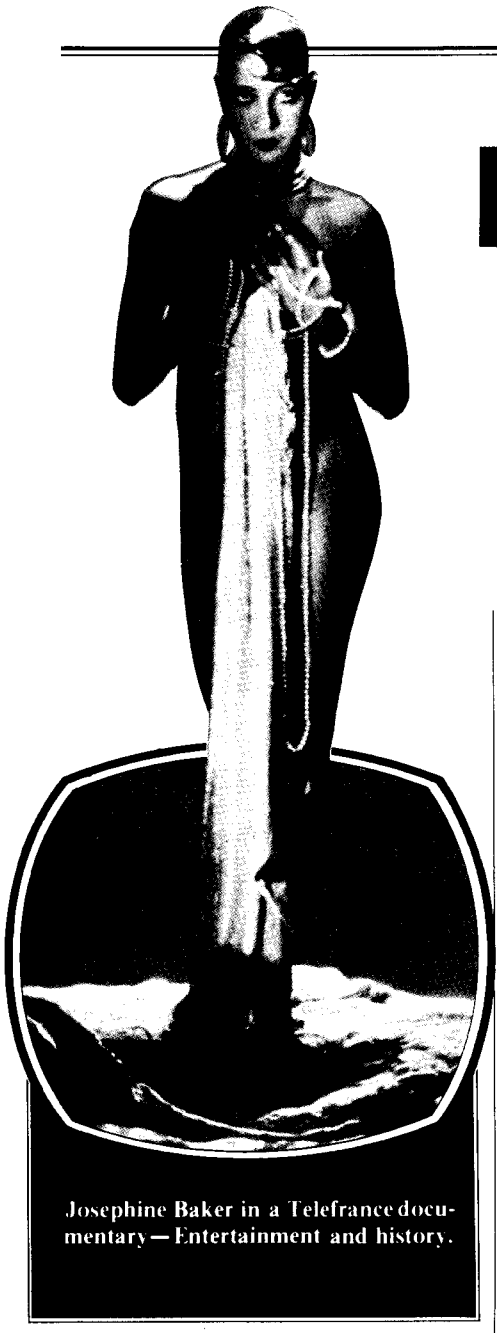

Josephine Baker in a Telefrance documentary—Entertainment and history.

Hidden Treasures on Cable TV

by Jeff Greenfield

Will the television set of the future have 30 or 60 channels, two-way hookups, special channels for foreign-language programs, advice to consumers, and sexually explicit programs? Will television be able to break free of its reliance on mass tastes and passive audiences, and an advertiser supported economy that makes controversy a risk for producers?

For more than one in every five television households, such questions have already begun to be answered. In at least 15 million homes, the "television technology of the future" is the television technology of the here-and-now. These are the homes wired for cable, a system that transmits signals through a series of microwave relays and closed-circuit lines directly from a transmitter into home receivers.

Cable TV is not, strictly speaking, "broadcasting" at all, since the signals aren't sent through the air; this fact is what enables cable television to provide ghost-free signals and liberates television from its most fundamental failure—scarcity. Because the signals don't have to compete for room in the broadcast band, there is virtually no limit to how many cable channels a television set can receive. In Manhattan, cable TV subscribers receive 26 channels; in Columbus, Ohio, Warner's Qube system provides 30 channels; proposals for the franchise in New York's Queens County have promised up to 125 channels.

For viewers, however, the real question is not how many signals they can receive for their $10 a month, but what's on these channels. Is the technology simply providing clear reception of broadcast channels, plus movies and sports on an extra "pay cable" channel such as Home Box Office or Showtime? Or is cable television delivering on the possibilities offered by abundance?

Recently, I had a chance to see the kinds of programming available on cable systems all across the country. While the programming I saw was selective, it did demonstrate that cable has the potential of producing something close to a revolution in television, making cable in fact what its developers saw only as potential.

Consider first the question of community service. Most commercial television stations talk about helping their communities, but it is in the main just that—talk. Yes, there are public-affairs programs, usually plugged into Sunday morning slots when most of the audience is asleep or at church or play, but the vast majority of local stations either run network offerings or else choose from the wide array of syndicated offerings: game shows, talk shows, reruns of network programs, movies.

The cable systems, by contrast, could not duplicate this kind of "service" even if they wanted to. They cannot afford the highly rated syndicated shows such as *Donahue* or *Family Feud*; they cannot expect viewers to pay a monthly charge for programming already available; and they cannot win lucrative cable franchises from communities without delivering something different. Moreover, these are community systems with a "targeted" local audience. For both pragmatic and "noble" reasons, therefore, they can reach down into localities and neighborhoods in a way the more broadly based local stations cannot.

Thus, the Fresno-Madeira system serving Fresno, California, uses three of its 30-channel capacity for locally originated programs of special interest

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to its community. This includes consumer information such as comparative prices in local grocery stores, extensive coverage of a federal Agriculture Department hearing on controversies in the farm-rich region, and special Spanish-language programming. It also can swing into action almost immediately when a local crisis erupts. When a plant accidentally released pesticide into the air, the cable system provided on-the-spot coverage, with tough-minded interviews and with an "open mike" program advising residents of potential health hazards and protective actions that could be taken.

An even more extensive example of community service, and community involvement, is provided by the Berks Cable Company in Reading, Pennsylvania, one of the oldest cable systems in the United States. This company has 14 studios, each of which can originate cable programming, and 64 sites at which pictures can be originated. What this means is, in effect, a genuinely "wired" community. Berks Cable provides bases for local political debates and headquarters for the counting of local election returns—races of intense community interest that may be shuffled aside by other stations on election night when bigger races are being held; it has set up conversations with local officials from 10 different areas (in one case, students from different schools simultaneously questioned the Pennsylvania secretary of education); it links senior citizens and children in a discussion about the generation gap; and it brings in doctors and lawyers who can answer questions from subscribers by telephone about neighborhood health and legal controversies.

Why is this so significant? Mass television is largely unresponsive; the lives of "ordinary" citizens almost never make the evening news or entertainment programs, and people may begin to feel their own lives and accomplishments are somehow unimportant because they are never seen on the powerful medium. The cable systems now in operation are helping to change that perception. When a local symphony or a high school football team is seen on cable television, its effort is somehow validated; participation in an event is encouraged.

Similarly, cable systems are also capable of encouraging a sense of community heritage, the fast-disappearing traditions that are so often erased by the constant bombardment of flashy programs and commercials. A cable system in California's Marin County, for example, produced a superior documentary on the last manned lighthouse in the region, at Point Bonita. Interviews with retired lighthouse operators and their families brought to life this soon-to-be extinct occupation, and photos of long-ago disasters at sea emphasized the dangerous nature of these jobs. The dedication and isolation of these men and women, almost unimaginable in our age, were captured in the faces and words of people who seemed to have stepped out of a Grant Wood painting.

A comparable experience was captured by the Sioux Falls Cable Company in South Dakota, in a long, leisurely interview with a one-time homesteader, an immigrant from Bohemia who settled in Nebraska and survived winter storms and deadly diseases to preserve his land. Such efforts are precisely the kinds of oral and visual histories that link the present to the past, and that could make television more than the ephemeral medium it is today.

If all this sounds too high-minded, too serious for what is essentially an entertainment medium, there are encouraging signs that cable television can fill a badly needed void here, too. Interestingly, the most encouraging evidence is not provided by the pay-cable systems, such as Home Box Office and Showtime, for which cable subscribers pay $10 or so a month.

Because these companies are aiming for a mass market—HBO now has more than four million subscribers and Showtime recently passed the million mark—they seem determined to provide popular movies within a few months of their theatrical release, and

Diana Ross in an HBO special—Pay-cable's aiming for the mass market.

Santa Barbara Cable's parody of Fiesta Week enraged local residents.

Service-oriented Berks Cable, in Reading, Pennsylvania, in the mayor's office.

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Dick Cavett, suited up for an edition of his HBO series, Time Was—70's.

Jack Deusch, the last lighthouse operator in California, on Viacom Cablevision.

A Sioux Falls Cable show links past to present with oral—and visual—history.

specials featuring big-name stars such as Diana Ross, Bette Midler, and Donnie and Marie Osmond. While the lack of commercials and censorship is refreshing, the shows so far do not suggest a great reach of imagination.

Local cable companies, by contrast, are occasionally trying for something different. In part, they may simply be providing a showcase for local talent; Marin County's *Showcase II* clears out a studio and brings in local rock, folk, and jazz talent for an hour of strikingly original entertainment. Other efforts are bolder. Durham Cablevision in North Carolina put on a 30-minute local news parody, *Channel 86 News Fest*, which was a merciless send-up of the inanity of local news, complete with an illiterate sportscaster, a prop-happy weatherman, and an urgent report of an impending "meltdown" that turned out to be a Good Humor truck with a refrigeration breakdown. It was funnier and more incisive than most of the "Weekend Update" segments on *Saturday Night Live*. And Santa Barbara Cable TV enraged local residents by parodying the community's Fiesta Week with a happily malicious account of the *real* story of the town's traditions and rapacious real estate development.

For entertainment that still manages to teach history, Telefrance's documentary on Josephine Baker (cablecast by Manhattan Cable) would be hard for any broadcast outlet to match. This one-hour blend of interviews and rare 55-year-old footage took us back to the Paris of the late 1920s, where the beautiful black dancer-singer created an instant sensation on the Champs-Elysees, and followed the career of the exceptional performer. Apart from demonstrating that the Baker legend was well earned, the program gave us a rare glimpse into a time that is impossible to appreciate from written history and journalistic accounts. This is the kind of television that could be used in any classroom study of postwar Europe. And it is exactly the kind of television that no network would dare telecast, for fear that it might end up alienating segments of the economically crucial "mass audience."

All this is certainly *not* evidence that the millennium is here. Far too much cable television is made up of stultifying studio interviews, or a melange of sports and movies, with an occasional descent into titilating soft-core pornography. But neither should the potential of cable—indeed, the reality of cable—be minimized. By freeing the medium from the crushing burden of having to satisfy most of the audience all of the time, cable is clearly going to give American viewers the kind of choice we have had for decades on our newsstands. Right now, a special sports service is providing extended coverage of college and professional events that networks cover only on weekends; another system is broadcasting live proceedings from the floor of the House of Representatives to cable subscribers across the country. Last month, the first 24-hour-a-day all-news TV service began cablecasting from Atlanta to systems all over the country.

Throughout its history, television has been assailed more ferociously than any other mass medium. In fact, it has never been worse, if not better either, than any other popular medium. Its fundamental curse has been *scarcity*—the lack of alternatives. There has been no room on the broadcast band for minority tastes, off-beat satire, high academic pursuits, newly emerging talent, or the concerns of special neighborhoods, ethnic groups, age groups. Cable has now made scarcity a thing of the past in 20 percent of American TV households. And the evidence suggests that with abundance, the choice we have been denied for more than 30 years will finally be ours. Whether this is good—whether the culture would be better served not by better television, but by less—is another question. But to the extent that choice is good, cable is unquestioningly beginning to provide it. ■

Jeff Greenfield recently served as a judge for the National Cable Television Association's award competition. His latest book is Playing to Win.

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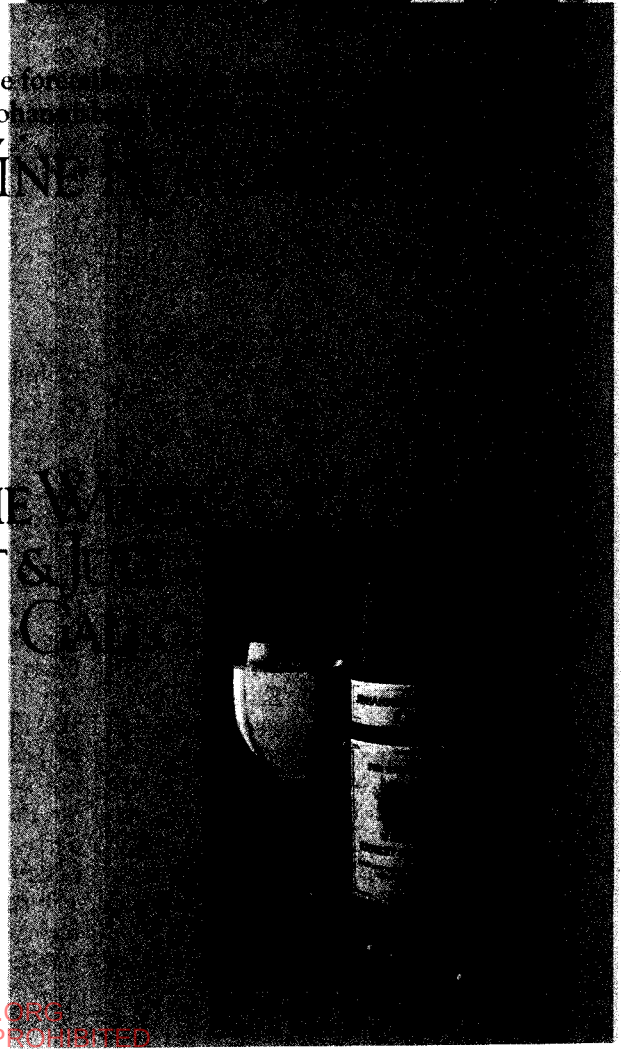

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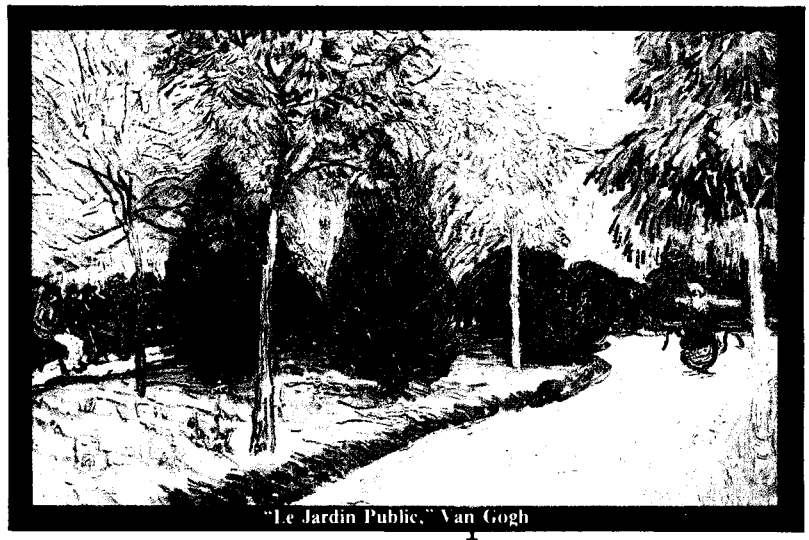
"Woman in an Oriental Costume," Renoir



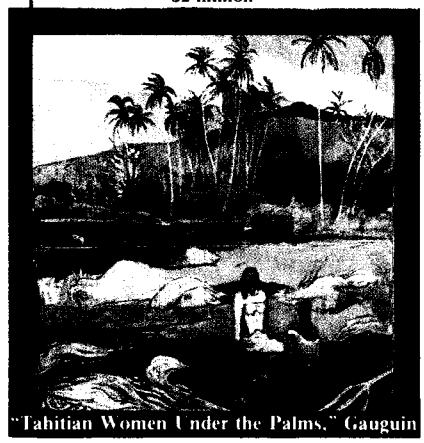
"Le Jardin Public," Van Gogh

$1 million

$1.5 million

$2 million

"La Serre," Renoir



"Tahitian Women Under the Palms," Gauguin

The Auction Boom:

What Price Art?

by James Mellow

Even the normally unflappable New York art world took notice last May when the city's two rival auction houses, Sotheby Parke Bernet and Christie's, sold some 10 well-touted masterworks of painting for, in most cases, well above the million-dollar mark. One evening sale in May included about 41 works of Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculpture from the estate of Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch. A Picasso, "Saltimbanque," more notable for its charm than for its importance in the Picasso canon, sold for $3 million, breaking records for the sale of a 20th-century painting at auction. A Gauguin Tahitian landscape with figures and a painfully constrained Van Gogh portrait (of Adeline Ravoux, the 16-year-old daughter of an innkeeper in Auvers) brought $1.8 million apiece. A late overripe Renoir figure painting, "Woman in an Oriental Costume," fetched an even $1 million.

On the following night, in Christie's packed Park Avenue salesrooms, 10 paintings from the collection of Henry Ford II produced equally spectacular bids. A haunting Van Gogh landscape, "Le Jardin du Poete, Arles," sold for $5.2 million, while an even more impressive Cezanne, "Paysan en Blouse Bleue," went for $3.9 million. This time one of Gauguin's Brittany landscapes, "La Plage au Pouldu," broke the million-dollar barrier, selling for $2.9 million, while another Van Gogh, "Le Jardin Public," and a second Renoir, "La Serre," went for $1.9 million and $1.2 million respectively.

Finally, on May 29, to the amazement of many, a panoramic view of Venice titled "Juliet and Her Nurse," by the 19th-century English landscapist, J.M.W. Turner, sold for $6.4 million at Sotheby's—breaking every record for a work of art at auction.

Nor did the million-dollar pictures tell the complete story. During a four-day period in which a consignment of modern American painting and sculpture was put on the block, Christie's harvested an impressive $30 million. In an equally formidable week, from May 12 to 17, which also saw a hefty sale of contemporary American art, Sotheby's brought in $27.2 million. This flurry of activity in the business capped off a year of record sales for both of the former English auction firms. Christie's, at the end of its third season of American operations, was projecting more than $100 million in sales, over double its record for the previous year. Sotheby's, which had joined forces with the

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American auction house, Parke Bernet, in 1964, was claiming its best year yet—in excess of $200 million.

In a depressed and depressing American economy, the economics of the American auction scene looked like a bright green oasis in a very parched landscape. But on closer examination it seemed as if a wave of panic-selling had struck American collectors. Were they simply cashing in on a sure thing as the American recession deepened? Equally baffling was the rush of foreign buyers eager to snap up—at rapidly escalating prices—the choice works that were being offered. Europeans dominated the auctions of old-master paintings; the Japanese were buying heavily at the Impressionist sales.

How long could the market hold up when prices were reaching such astronomical levels? And how long could the extraordinary wave of selling and buying continue before American collections were drained dry? A cynic, in the land of the Puritan work ethic, might well have found an element of poetic justice in the situation. Was there some special irony in the fact that in a time of economic crisis—with the value of the dollar eroding and most forms of investment seeming risky at best—art, that impractical activity, had become a bastion of solid security?

Moreover, the startling auction sales were not an isolated phenomenon. Along Madison Avenue and in New York's posh uptown galleries, dealers were enjoying their best season in a decade. The art magazines were fat with full-color ads for schlock artists—always an indicator of ready money in the field, considering the cost of color plates—while the tonier establishments continued to run discreet notices listing the names of their blue-chip stocks. The ubiquitous works of Salvador Dali, a sure-fire index of lucrative economic trends, were heavily in evidence. And the recent, highly profitable vogue for western art had produced whole tribes of wooden cowboy-and-Indian paintings and prints, all reproduced in four-color ads.

On the surface, at least, the May sales at Sotheby's and Christie's seemed to hint at very good news for dealers in modern American art. Not only the past masters of the New York School that, in the 1960s, launched American art upon the international scene (and into the big-money brackets), but also such younger, living practitioners as pop artist Roy Lichtenstein and the

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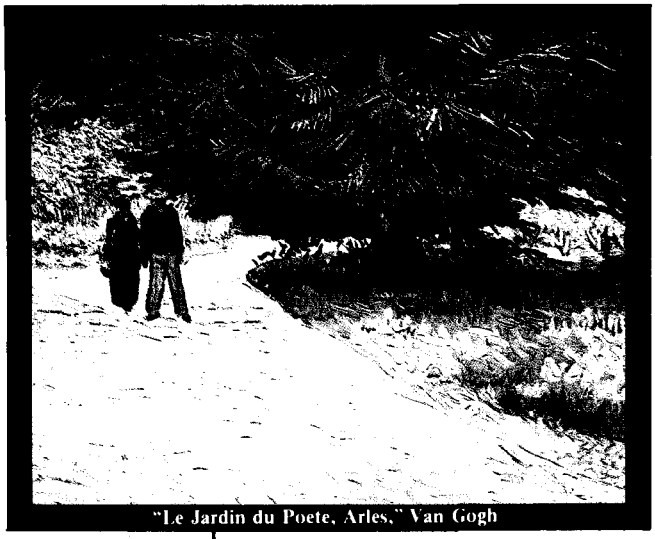
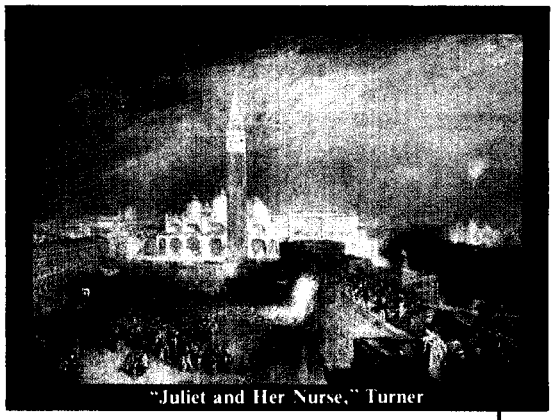
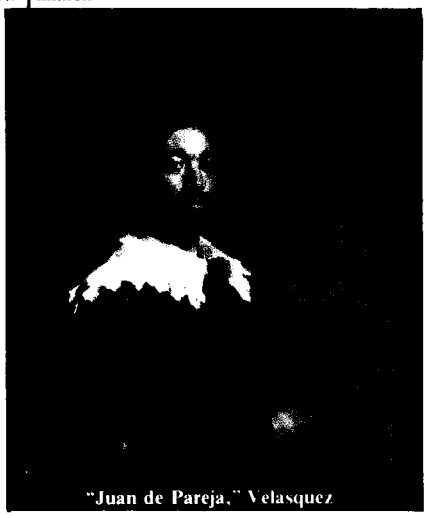


"Le Jardin du Poete, Arles," Van Gogh



"Juliet and Her Nurse," Turner

$5 million — $5.5 million — $6 million



"Juan de Pareja," Velasquez

hard-edge painters. Frank Stella and Ellsworth Kelly were topping their sales records. Pollock's swarming, earthy 1953 abstraction, "Four Opposites," sold for an impressive $550,000—a peak price for a contemporary American painting at auction. Roy Lichtenstein's suave comic-strip melodrama, "Oh, Jeff...I Love You, Too...But..." heralded a new record for that artist's work, a lofty $210,000.

At the end of the 1979-1980 season, even 19th-century American landscape painting seemed to offer the promise of greener auction pastures. In October 1979, Frederick Edwin Church's nine-foot panoramic view, "Icebergs (The North)," brought a stunning $2.5 million at a Sotheby sale, creating a noticeable stir of interest in a field that had been otherwise quietly and patiently cultivated and promoted by generations of American dealers, critics, and scholars. The evidence was clearly in; there was gold in the hills of 19th-century landscape painting.

Publicly, New York's art dealers welcome the attention that headline auction prices bring to the field and the broader audiences—and increasing sales—they bring to the galleries. But privately, some are having second thoughts.

The causes are largely economic. Of the 21 paintings that sold for more than $1 million during the decade of the 1970s, more than half—11—were Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works. Paintings by Van Gogh, Gauguin, Cezanne, Renoir, Manet, and Seurat head the list of the most lucrative and salable items at auction. With the escalating prices for such works, few new collections have been formed, and collectors with topnotch Cezannes or Renoirs—or inferior works, for that matter—prefer to sell them at auction. For the private dealer in Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works, the sources are gradually drying up, in America, at least, unless he can afford to buy them at the inflated auction prices.

The issue of quality is not one that auction houses address in any serious way, particularly when it comes to individual works. Any item for sale is, presumably, "choice." Sotheby's affable and shrewd president, John L. Marion, asserts that a collector can never go wrong "in buying the best of quality." And Christie's president, David Bathurst, publicly deplores the tendency to view art purely as an investment. "I find it inconceivable," he stated at a recent *ARTnews* conference on the world art market, "to suggest that someone with no interest in art put a great portion of his wealth in this area."

But the tendency to establish "capriciously" inflated prices for minor or negligible works by major artists is one of the inevitable results of the flourishing auction scene. And it is a tendency that has a lengthier history in the American art market than the record-breaking May sales. In 1961, Rembrandt's "Aristotle With a Bust of Homer," which is undoubtedly the dullest overpriced old masterwork in existence, was bought at auction by the Metropolitan Museum at the then-incredible price of $2.3 million. It was considered the talisman of the coming-of-age of the affluent American art scene and the establishment of New York as the new center of the international art market.

That Turner's large, scenic, and sentimental "Juliet and Her Nurse," admittedly a rarity on the market, should have now broken every auction record says volumes about the economics of the current art scene. By no stretch of the imagination is it a work of real importance in Turner's oeuvre or in the history of Western art. (Flora Whitney Miller, who put the painting up for sale, was stunned by the price, which says something about her good judgment.)

There seems to be no end in sight for those rosy auction prospects. Sotheby's most confident estimates are pinned to their fall auction works from the collection of the late Andre Meyer, the former senior partner of the investment

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bankers, Lazard Freres & Co., New York, a remarkably astute collector and the benefactor of the Andre Meyer Galleries at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Out of the 32 paintings and drawings that will go up for bids in late October, Sotheby fully expects that at least five—a Van Gogh, two paintings by Degas, a Rembrandt, and a Renoir—will bring upward of $1 million each.

Christie's major summer auction in London, on July 11, will offer a rare and notable large-scale canvas by Peter Paul Rubens, "Samson and Delilah," painted for the burgomaster of Antwerp, Nicolaas Rockox, around 1610, which is expected to break further auction records. But as Christie's officials are careful to point out in their press releases, the picture is being sold on behalf of an anonymous European family—that is, it is not from an English collection and therefore not subject to stringent British export regulations on the sale of national treasures.

Despite the overflowing optimism, there are a few voices of discontent and caution. The *New York Times* critic, John Russell, in a thought-provoking piece written after the May sales, itemized the precipitating factors for the unprecedented sales figures: the prestige of owning great works of art, the rarity of paintings by such artists as Turner and Van Gogh, the "galvanic" effect of the auction-room atmosphere ("midway between bullring and bordello," as he pointedly described it), and the security of the investment in a risky economy. "In times of crisis," Russell acknowledged, "great art is an immediately recognizable and rapidly negotiable form of wealth."

Museum directors and curators are notoriously reticent about discussing the commercial aspects of the art scene, but it is no secret that with skyrocketing auction prices, poorly or modestly endowed institutions—and there are a good many around the country—are finding it impossible to compete with wealthy collectors and commercial dealers for the auction prizes. Few museums have the financial clout of the Kimbell Art Museum of Fort Worth, Texas, which copped the $3.9 million Cezanne in the Ford sale.

Philippe de Montebello, director of the Metropolitan, however, offers some cautionary advice against placing undue importance on the recent sales. Auctions, he maintains, represent only one side of the question and often create prices that are "capriciously high or capriciously low. . . . Thousands of works of art trade hands in private negotiations often at exceedingly high prices that the press is not aware of."

Still, the Metropolitan has been known to go the auction route, and has quietly disposed of several pictures during the past season. Last November, the museum put up Manet's "Danseurs Espagnols" for sale at Christie's, expecting between $70,000 to $90,000. It must have been a pleasant surprise when the picture sold to a private European collector for $170,000.

Most museums simply can't compete with collectors and dealers for the auction prizes.

Undeniably, a good many factors have precipitated the current boom, some of them complex, others easy to discern. It is no coincidence, surely, that so many works by Picasso, many of them rather minor, should have come on the market when the Museum of Modern Art is staging its mammoth Picasso exhibition.

At Sotheby's, Marion seems anxious to counteract any impression of panic-selling among American collectors. In separate interviews, both men repeated arguments given to the press shortly after the May sales—that the Garbisch and Ford sales were coincidental, matters of death, taxes, and divorce.

The Garbisch pictures were auctioned off to liquidate an estate; the Ford paintings were sold to settle a divorce agreement between Henry Ford II and his second wife, Christina. Marion attributes the proliferating sales to the "maturity" of the market. There has been, he says, a major change in the spread of wealth and a broadening of interest in the art field in the 20 years he has been in the profession. Of course, however, more and more wealthy collectors—and predominantly American collectors—have been putting their salable art treasures up for auction; otherwise there would be no flourishing American auction trade.

Behind the phenomenon there is a nagging, unpopular, and unanswered question. For the six decades through the 1960s, American collectors, in their affluence, were devouring many of the incomparable masterpieces in the history of art. Now, it seems, we have arrived at that point when the process is being reversed. The older collections are being dismantled, the priceless objects are gravitating elsewhere.

In the recent Garbisch and Ford, sales, as well as at the Turner auction, works were dispersed to foreign buyers; and the reports on the growing strength of Japanese, German, Italian, Dutch, and Israeli buyers—particularly in the sales of Impressionist and modern work—are becoming increasingly noticeable.

Naturally, the auction houses consider the "two-way-flow" of money and masterpieces a thoroughly healthy sign of free trade. But with American collections of both Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works drying up, have we reached the point of no return when, like other nations, we must begin to worry about the unchecked dispersal of our treasures?

And is the rampant auction boom really such a healthy system after all? To be sure, it may well be the perfect time to sell a second-rate Picasso for a hefty profit. But it probably isn't a good time to buy that same second-rate Picasso, at today's overinflated prices. In the end, the skyrocketing prices for works by major artists (and minor) are sure to have a damaging effect upon the art market. The embarrassment of riches we are witnessing in the current auction boom may carry a high price tag of its own. ■

James R. Mellow, a freelance art critic, is the author of a forthcoming biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

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Picassos flanked by Jasper Johns's "Diver" and a lithograph (both done in 1962). Counterclockwise from top left: "The Family," "Three Women" (both 1938), "Battle of the Centaurs" (1946), "Minotauromachy" (1934).

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NANCY RICCA SCHIFF

GREAT PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

A Passion for Picassos

by Vicki Goldberg

In 1942, Victor Ganz fell hopelessly in love with Picasso. On a Saturday in a New York gallery he saw "The Dream," a painting of Marie-Therese Walter, and that was it. Hearing that the sculptor Mary Callery had a Picasso for sale, he and his wife Sally went to Callery's house. On the walls hung one Picasso after another. "It was one of the great moments of my life," says Ganz. "Like walking into Chartres."

The Ganzes bought nothing but Picassos for the next 20 years. They came close to buying a Klee, thought about a Matisse, but couldn't do it. Picasso held them in a lover's grip. They acquired the finest Picassos on the market, choice examples from his Cubist works to the grandest of the late pictures of the painter's studio at Cannes. Seventeen works from their collection are now hanging in the Picasso retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Shortly after Picasso had finished his variations on Delacroix's "Women of Algiers," in the mid-1950s, Sally and Victor Ganz wanted to buy one. Not for sale. Ganz told Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, Picasso's canny French dealer, he would like to be notified if they became available. A couple of years later a cable arrived at Ganz's office: "Women of Algiers" available, but all 15 paintings must be bought together. The price in francs—the franc was then

Above: "Women of Algiers" (1955)—Ganz wanted this painting so desperately that he bought 15 in a "package" offered by Picasso's canny French dealer.

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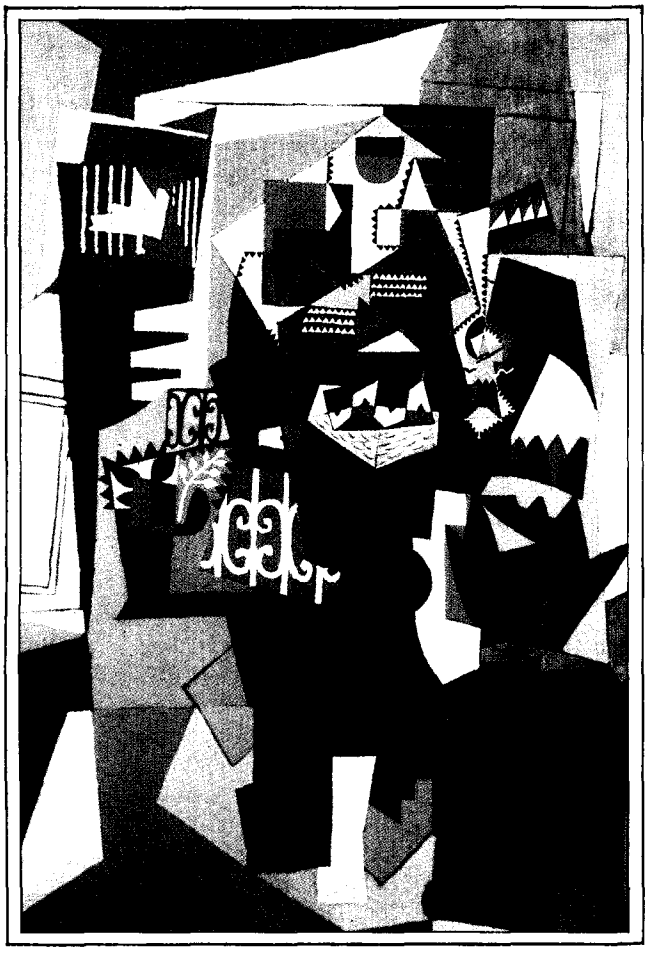

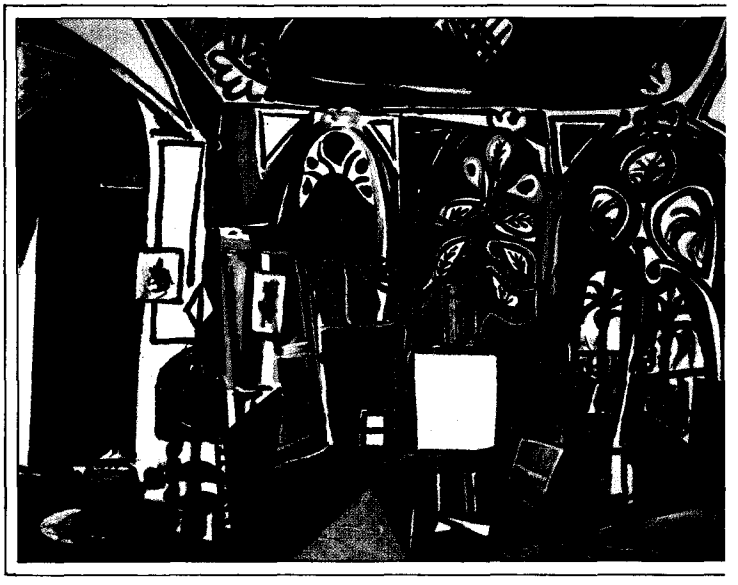

Above: "The Studio" (1955)—A late painting of Picasso's studio in La Californie, his 19th-century villa in Cannes.

Left: "The Bird Cage" (1923)—Dadaists screamed Cubism was dead, but paintings like this put such rantings to rest.

Above: "Cat and Bird" (1939)—Painted while Franco was taking Barcelona and Madrid, and while Hitler was entering Prague.

Right: "The Dream" (1932)—A splendid painting of Marie-Therese Walter, the woman Picasso seemed to love most deeply.

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Above: "Woman in a Red Hat" (1934)—The problem for the Ganzes is how to keep their home from looking like a museum.

Left: "Woman in an Armchair" (1913)—Ganz has bought only two Picassos since he decided to focus on new horizons.

375 to the dollar—ran on for several lines of zeros. Ganz showed his wife the cable that night. "You're not going to buy them," she said nervously. "Of course not," he answered. "I'd have to be Rockefeller." The next morning he sent a cable: "Offer accepted."

He couldn't pay. When the 15 paintings arrived in New York, he looked them over for half an hour, selected five, and consigned the rest to a dealer, who sold half of them four hours later. Today the five paintings, intricate meditations on the simultaneity of vision, line the Pompeiian-red walls of a sitting room full of Moroccan chests, begonias, and a table heaped with books about Nabokov and Beckett.

Ganz himself doesn't understand why he was so obsessed with Picasso. "Partly he looked a little like my father and my uncle, and represented all the things that men like them were not: lusty, bullfight-loving, risk taking." But one day in 1962 or 1963, Ganz walked through the apartment to the library and said to his wife, "I feel as if I'm walking into a museum. Picasso is an old master. It's like walking into an apartment full of Raphaels." From that day to this they have bought only two Picassos: a picture they had been trying to buy for years, the great 1913 "Woman in an Armchair" that works out on canvas the transition from analytic to synthetic Cubism, and a drawing that relates to "Women of Algiers."

In the early Sixties, Sally and Victor Ganz began buying Rauschenberg and Johns. Then Stella. Then Dorothea Rockburne, Mel Bochner, and in the Seventies, a lot of Eva Hesse.

The Ganz collection is extraordinary in several respects. The quality is almost unflaggingly high—no minor works by major names. Nor were the names always major and the works always safe. They were buying Rauschenberg in the early Sixties, before he was fixed in the heavens, and Ganz bought Eva Hesse's sculpture the day he walked into her first one-person show. They have had no advisor, and Sally Ganz gives her husband full credit: "We look at everything together, but it's Victor's taste that forms our collection."

The Ganzes live with their paintings as comfortably as yards of significance and beauty will permit. Ever since they bought "The Dream," they have not brought a new acquisition into the house without some good friend asking to sit facing away from it. "The problem," says Sally Ganz, "is to keep the house from looking like a museum. To have children (four) and grandchildren (six) and live with the art."

Ganz confesses he cannot explain why they buy art. "Probably all collecting is for the wrong reasons," he adds affably. "I can think of a hundred reasons why I collect, but if I can think of them they're all wrong too."

The Ganzes both speak of the pleasure of their involvement with art and artists. They met Picasso three times, and once he said to them, "I am so glad to have met you. You are the only persons who have never wanted anything from me." Perhaps they felt the paintings had already given so generously to them. "You are not so much a collector," says Sally Ganz, "as the beneficiary, because you can afford it, of someone else's work." But Victor Ganz feels exactly the way Edward G. Robinson, the actor, did after he'd bought his first three or four pictures: "From then on, they collected me." ■

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And power-assisted disc drum brakes that can take you from 50 to 0 in less than three.

It has 4-wheel independent suspension to keep you from going like this on bad roads.

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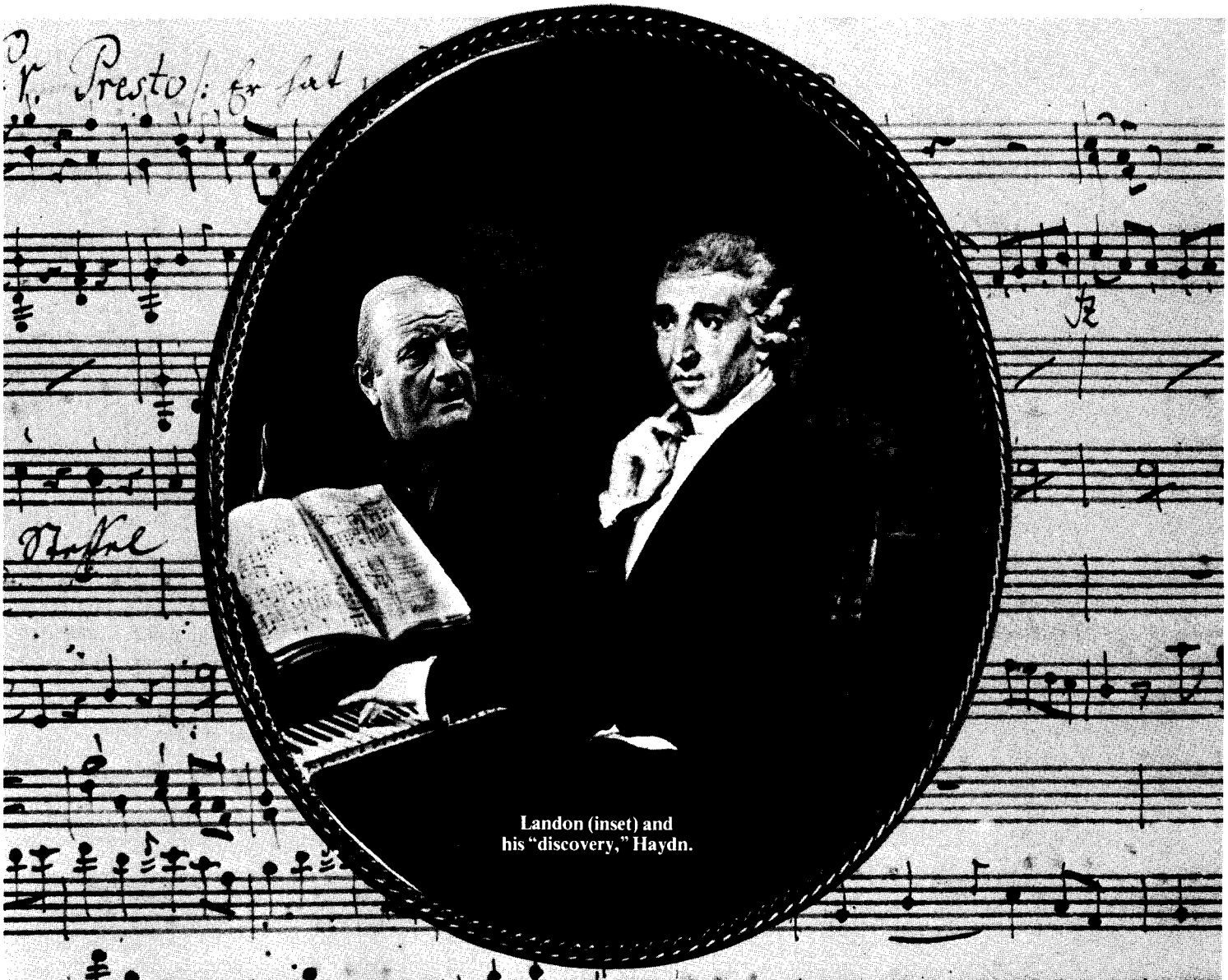
The Man Who Made Haydn

by Roland Gelatt

Landon (inset) and his "discovery," Haydn.

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Musical progress in the years since World War II is to be measured not so much in terms of new music composed (much of it is forgettable even to the most kindly disposed of ears) as in terms of old music resurrected. The period has been primarily one of rediscovery. Lacking great composers to extend and rejuvenate the repertoire, we have been obliged to blow the dust off scores long forgotten or long neglected.

No composer has benefited more spectacularly from this archaeological zeal than Joseph Haydn, the prolific and long-lived precursor of Mozart and Beethoven. Much lauded and performed during his lifetime, Haydn became the victim of a pernicious 19th-century belief that equated musical worth with musical progress. By this reckoning Haydn began to seem quaintly old-fashioned, and within a few years of his death (in 1809) the bulk of his life work had fallen into oblivion. The neglect endured for more than a century. Even 50 years ago, Haydn's reputation rested on a mere handful of late symphonies. Since then there has been a dramatic turnabout in the composer's fortunes, and today we can view Joseph Haydn whole—as the creator not only of path-breaking symphonies, numbering more than 100 in all, but also of operas, oratorios, masses, and an awesome abundance of chamber music.

The chief architect of this revival is a 54-year-old expatriate American with the British-sounding name of H.C. Robbins-Landon. A large man of contagious energy and enthusiasm, he has spent the whole of his adult life on the composer's turf, digging Haydn out from under a century of indifference and putting him back in the mainstream of music. More than anyone else, Landon has been the driving force behind the publication, performance, and recording of Haydn's rediscovered scores. He has also been a tireless public-relations man for Haydn, writing articles and record annotations, talking on the radio, helping to produce television documentaries, and in general spreading the good word to anyone willing to tune in. To cap it all, Landon has now completed a massive five-volume compendium entitled *Haydn: Chronicle and Works* (Indiana University Press), into which he has poured—somewhat indiscriminately, his critics complain—a wealth of documentation and commentary on the composer's life, times, and music.

When Landon began work on this magnum opus in 1970, he had already been on the Haydn trail for 30 years. His introduction to the cause had come in 1940 from a music teacher at an Asheville, North Carolina, prep school "I was 13," Landon relates, "and already determined to devote my life somehow to music. Mozart was my great love—still is—but this teacher, Matthew Cooper, convinced me that Mozart didn't need my help, whereas Haydn did. I learned to my amazement that no standard edition of Haydn's works existed. Not only that, but much of his music had never been published at all. Even at the age of 13, I knew that something would have to be done."

Landon girded himself for the task by learning the tools of the musician's trade—harmony, counterpoint, score-reading, and the like—at Boston University, a school to which he was drawn by the presence of Karl Geiringer, then the world's leading authority on Haydn. In 1947, Landon emerged with a Bachelor of Music degree and a good working knowledge of French, German, and Italian. That summer he set off for Vienna with an assignment to report on the music scene in postwar Europe for a Boston-based network of FM stations. Tourists being still *verboten* in occupied Austria, Landon decided to get himself accredited to U.S. Army Headquarters as a foreign correspondent.

The army soon had other plans for him. America's wartime draft remained in force, and Landon's number was about to be called. He forestalled the inevitable by volunteering in Vienna, with the understanding that the army would keep him there. For one year he helped compile an official history of General Mark Clark's campaign in Italy. "It was a terrific time to be in Vienna," he recalls. "All the best musicians from Central Europe were there, and every night I would go to the opera or concert. On Sundays I would play the timpani in church. My commanding officer found this rather hard to fathom. 'Do you mean to tell me they play *drums* in Austrian churches?' I gave a quick briefing on Mozart's and Haydn's church masses. 'Well,' he said, 'I suppose it's okay. But see that you don't do it in uniform.'"

At the end of his army stint, Landon faced a crucial decision: Should he return to America and earn a doctorate in musicology or stay in Vienna and get on with the job of disinterring Haydn's music? The musicological establishment has never quite forgiven him for deciding on the latter course. Even though he has since received two honorary doctorates, Landon is still regarded by many academics as a noncredentialed interloper.

While serving out his year with the army in Vienna, Landon had conceived the idea of forming a society wholly devoted to promulgating Haydn's music on records and in scores. Profits from the records would subsidize publication of the scores. In 1949, with the help of some friends in Boston, the Haydn Society was born. Just at this moment a Landon uncle had providentially left nephew Robbins a bequest of $4,000. In Vienna the dollar was almighty and musicians were hungry. With that windfall, Landon produced tapes of 13 hitherto unrecorded symphonies and two major liturgical pieces, the *Mariazeller* and *Nelson* masses. (Today the cost would be at least $200,000.) Back in America, long-playing records had just been launched. Landon's tapes were processed into LPs bearing the Haydn Society label. They caused a sensation—especially the majestic *Nelson Mass,* which brought to international attention the soprano Lisa della Casa and baritone George London.

On the strength of this success, outside investors began to pour further money into the society, and with it Landon continued to produce recordings in Vienna of "new" Haydn works—more early symphonies, more masses, and the two late oratorios, *The Creation* and *The Seasons.* But like many of the early independent record companies, the Haydn Society recorded too much too quickly and soon found itself in troubled waters. Within a few years the ambitious enterprise went bankrupt.

Before the bubble burst, another Landon uncle had died. His will gave HCRL a small stipend, enough to allow him to work full time on Haydn research. At last he could begin systematically to track down Haydn source material throughout central Europe. Some of it lay close at hand, simply awaiting rediscovery by a determined sleuth. In the Vienna City Library,

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Landon found some old boxes containing manuscript scores of *The Creation* and *The Seasons* by Haydn's own copyist, with corrections and additions in the composer's handwriting. At Schloss Furstenberg in Donauschingen, he discovered a set of orchestral parts for the 12 London symphonies, all corrected by Haydn himself. Forays to monasteries in Austria, southern Germany, and northern Italy—some well known, others obscure—turned up unsuspected stockpiles of Haydn symphonies, chamber works and church music in authentic manuscript copies. These finds enabled Landon to correct the sometimes flagrantly inaccurate published scores of Haydn's works, and also revealed compositions that had never appeared in print.

In 1958, armed with a letter of accreditation from the *Times* of London, Landon set off for Budapest, ostensibly to write a series of articles on Hungarian cultural life. In fact he headed straight for the formidable Eszterhaza Archives, which were just then beginning to be sorted out and catalogued. "I couldn't believe my eyes," he says. "This was the biggest collection of authentic Haydn manuscripts in the world. I saw full scores of Haydn operas that had lain unperformed for almost two centuries. Fortunately, the Hungarians couldn't have been more cooperative. For the next three years I literally commuted to Budapest." He also made sorties into Czechoslovakia, where the archives of the old aristocratic families had recently been confiscated. "Stacks of the stuff were sitting around—uncatalogued, of course—in library storage rooms. In my first three weeks in Prague, 12 of Haydn's presumably lost works came to light."

As this rich library of neglected music gradually reappeared, the so-called Haydn renaissance moved into full stride. Chamber orchestras the world over seized on unfamiliar Haydn symphonies (particularly the turbulent creations from the composer's *Sturm und Drang* period) to broaden their repertoire. Choral groups in and out of church turned to Haydn's exuberant liturgical music as an alternative to Parry and Stainer. And directors of music festivals, ever on the lookout for novelties, began reviving the extraordinary Italian operas that Haydn had composed to entertain his prince and patron during the long winter months at Eszterhaza Castle. Recordings followed in due course—the complete symphonies from Decca-London, the quartets from Vox, the operas and piano trios from Philips, the liturgical music from Columbia.

As an entrepreneur as well as a scholar, Landon knows how to effect the necessary connections with impresarios, record companies, and musicians. These promotional proclivities have not endeared him to less worldly musicologists, who tend to regard Landon as something of an operator and empire builder. In truth, Haydn has rewarded his 20th-century rediscoverer well. Royalties from the many editions Landon has prepared and performance fees from the operas he has edited now provide him with a comfortable income. The revenues have enabled Landon to devote much of the past decade to researching and writing *Haydn: Chronicle and Works* without recourse to foundation support. The economist Milton Friedman would approve.

Stacks of Haydn's manuscripts were sitting around —uncatalogued, of course—in storage rooms.

The five volumes have emerged in seemingly haphazard order. Volume III, covering Haydn's sojourn in London from 1791 to 1795, came out first, in 1976. It was followed a year later by two further volumes carrying the chronicle up to the composer's death in 1809. Volume II, an 800-page tome on the composer's long "captivity" at Eszterhaza (1766-90), was published in 1978. The final installment to appear is Volume I, due in November, which deals with the early years from 1732 to 1765. "I left the first volume until last," Landon explains, "because I was certain additional material would come to light, and this proved to be the case."

Though the five volumes contain an almost indecently copious amount of information on the composer's life and times, they do not constitute a wholly satisfactory biography in the conventional sense. "There are already several good general biographies," he contends. "My aim was different: to make available every scrap of information that was relevant—even tangentially—to Haydn. My method was to set forth the documents themselves, with just enough linking material to make them intelligible."

In the concluding chapters, Landon surveys the ups and downs of Haydn's reputation over the last 200 years. At the close of the 18th century, his fame was seemingly unassailable. "Never," Landon writes, "had any composer been so completely popular among all levels of society." Within 50 years Haydn's star had fallen precipitously. It became the fashion to regard him as no more than a stepping stone on the path of progress that led to Mozart and Beethoven. As the 19th century wore on, he became "Papa Haydn," the genial but lackluster father of the symphony. A very young Ernest Newman, writing in 1895, could go so far as to fault "the pacific and timorous Haydn" for his "spirit of weak complaisance and unambitious compromise." The pendulum began to swing back in the 1930s, thanks in part to Sir Thomas Beecham's zestful advocacy of the symphonies in concert and on records. But the really dramatic upsurge in Haydn's popularity dates only from the postwar years, beginning with the early Haydn Society revelations and the consequent publication of the composer's neglected symphonies, operas, chamber music, and masses.

Today we are in the midst of an unprecedented Haydn boom. It remains to be seen how long it will last. Unlike Mozart, whose appeal is visceral as well as cerebral, Haydn speaks essentially to the intellect. He can be witty, pungent, and sensitive; he is always ingenious and often moving; but he seldom reaches for the solar plexus. In his operas, superb confections though they are, we shall search in vain for the divine Mozartian exaltation of "Porgi amor" or "Soave sia il vento." To recognize this is not to depreciate the delights and splendors of Haydn's achievement, but only to question whether the boom will continue at its present pitch once the novelty of rediscovery has worn off. In the long run the public decides what it wants to hear. In the case of Haydn, it at least now has all the evidence on which to base a judgment. ■

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A Boston Bacchanal

by Horace Sutton

It will come as no particular astonishment to those cultivated souls who consider Boston the apex of American artistic achievement, to hear that the 350th anniversary of that venerable city is being commemorated with one of the most impressive cultural calendars assembled this side of Aristotelian Greece.

Those who come during the party will find that its heritage has inspired Boston to transform a number of its elderly and unlikely buildings into new museums that will house unusual exhibits. The old Cyclorama, an enormous circular extravaganza that was built to house a diorama of the Battle of Gettysburg and has since been used for everything from wrestling to flower shows, is now, rather grandly, in title anyway, the Boston Center for the Arts. It is opening its new life with "The Dinner Party," by Judy Chicago, a triangular table with 13 place settings on each side representing graphically (and daringly anatomically) a different woman and her era.

An old wool warehouse, alongside the waterfront that has been named Museum Wharf, is providing a permanent home for an unusual presentation called "Place Over Time." Prepared by the Landmarks Commission, the exhibit is an architectural review of the urban development of Boston.

Place Over Time" opens in September, the high-water mark of the celebration. It shares space in the building with the Children's Museum, easily identifiable at a thousand yards by the giant wooden milk bottle donated by Hood's, a local dairy purveyor, that was moved from Taunton, Massachusetts, and now soars above the children's playground.

The old wool warehouse, which required no reinforcing since it was originally constructed to support bales of wet wool unloaded from the waterfront across the street, is in an area now being adopted by artists in the style of New York's SoHo. Located just north of South Boston, it is being called, though not officially, NoSo.

A Victorian police station no longer in use has been refashioned as the Institute of Contemporary Art. Its interior, all gleamingly white and eminently contemporary in design, is showing American Impressionism—Cassatt, Winslow Homer, John Singer Sargent, et al., through August. In August, the Impressionists will fold their canvases for a show of Boston architecture with the works of Corbusier, Gropius, Breuer and Pei; it will run through October 26.

Pei's *beau geste*, the John Hancock building aside, is the striking Kennedy Library that sits on a lonely seaside point at Dorchester, a 25-cent subway and shuttle bus ride four miles from downtown Boston. A stunning so-called space frame, it is a soaring white tower with an enclosing glass atrium looking out to sea. The archives and offices occupy the tower, and the Kennedy museum is built into the base.

Faneuil Hall, first built in 1742, figures as part of a living stage set for a spectacle called Boston's First Light. Sponsored by the Sheraton Corporation, whose world headquarters is in Boston, the show grew out of a sound-and-light show that an executive, Sig Front, saw in Egypt.

Boston's First Light is shown free of charge twice nightly, at nine and at ten, on the walls of the buildings in City Hall Plaza. The raconteur is an animated grasshopper adapted from the weathervane on Faneuil Hall. The narration voice belongs to Orson Welles, in real life an ample figure to consider for the role of a grasshopper.

Sheraton's snippet of history ends with the British fleet sailing out of Boston Harbor forever. Laser beams shoot purple trails across the night sky, whooshing like passing bullets as the music swells to a bravura finale.

This multimedia reminder of the origins of Boston's gift to America is only steps away from the rakish raw-cement City Hall, built in 1967, which is open to the public and has been designated as the Jubilee center. Three birthday cakes a day will be cut here and visitors are further lured by drawings for daily grandiose gifts—anything from a diamond necklace to TWA's offer of a trip to Rome.

Brochures on Jubilee 350 and daily events are on hand at the center. So is information on four-day, three-night Boston packages, offered by travel agents, that include discounts and premiums at shops and restaurants and some traditional appendage trips to Cape Cod, Old Sturbridge Village, and the Kennedy Library. From the center

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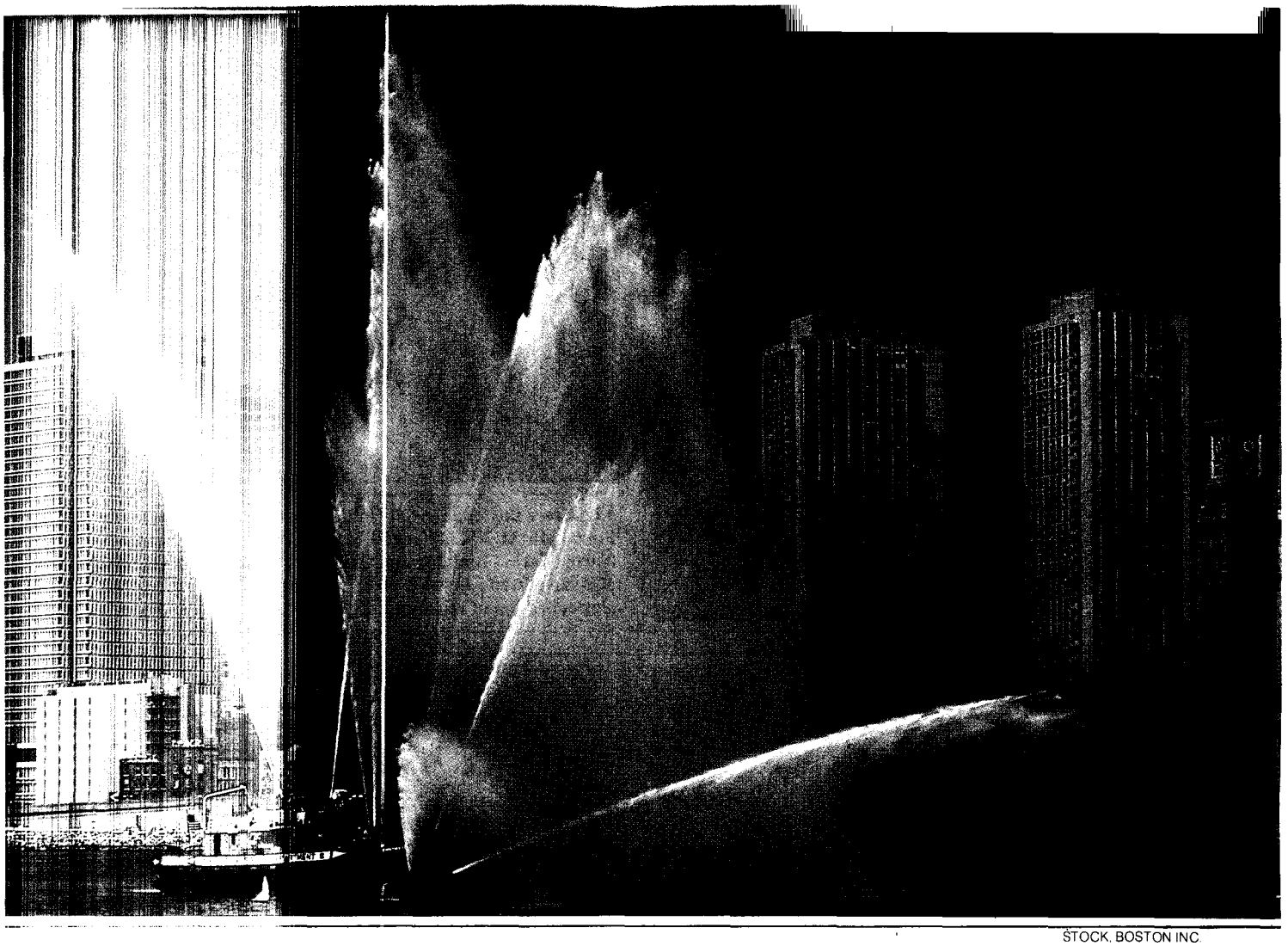

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It is a short walk to "Where's Boston?," a multi-image documentary that projects over 3,000 slides of the city and backs them with quadriphonic sound.

"Where's Boston?" makes but passing reference to the Boston Brahmins, or the intelligentsia, beyond saying that the city beds down more students per square civic inch than any other metropolis in the world. As long ago as 1698 Cotton Mather had enthused, "Our town is now threescore and eight years old," by which time he reckoned it was already "the metropolis of the whole English America. . . .O Boston."

That pronouncement is recorded by Justin Kaplan in *A Book for Boston*, published especially for this Jubilee. Kaplan also writes of the arrival, a century ago, of Bret Harte, the western writer, who was taken to dinner at the Saturday Club with the likes of Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, and other penmen. It seems impossible, Harte later confided to William Dean Howells, his host, that one could fire a revolver in this part of

THE IMAGE BANK

Above, Boston fireboats in front of luxury high rises. At right, Old State House, site of the Boston Massacre.

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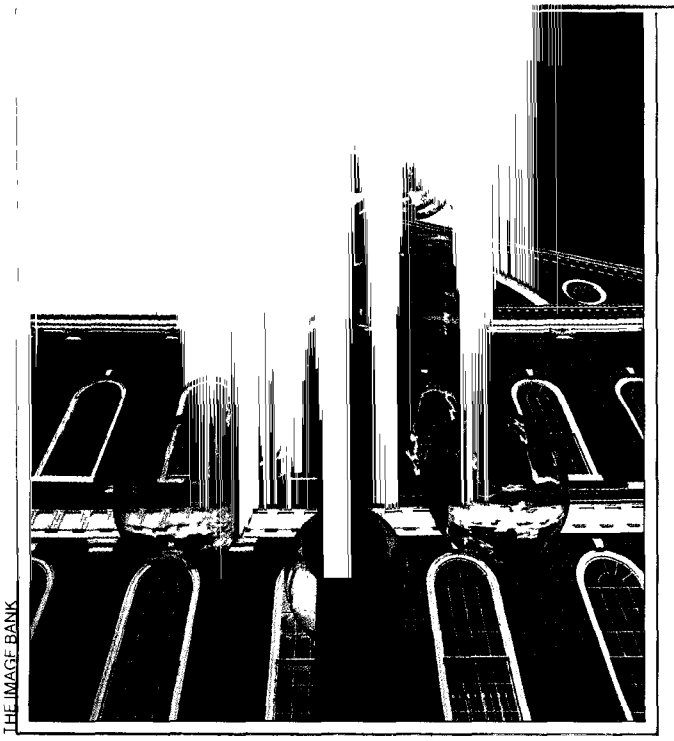

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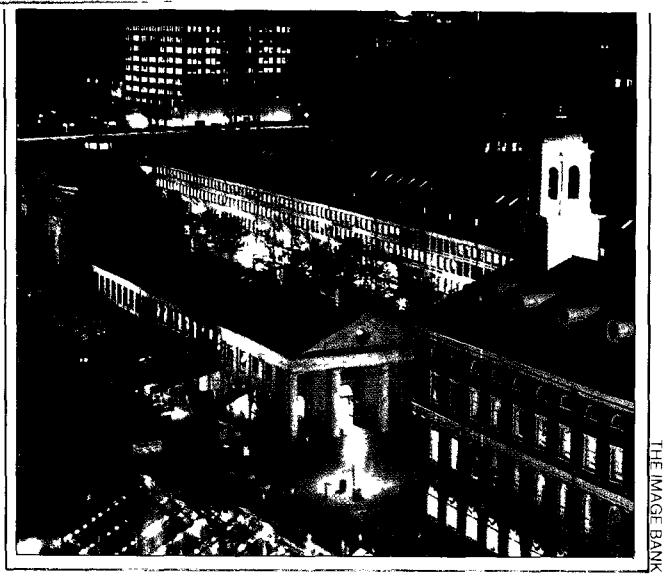

THE IMAGE BANK

Night over Boston: Faneuil Hall, left, with market complex, right. First built in 1742, Faneuil Hall is adjacent to the renovated North Market Building and Quincy Market, below. These buildings have been reopened after 100 years and now house a popular collection of restaurants, gourmet food stalls and boutiques.

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the country without bringing down the author of a two-volume work.

The original citizens were Puritans, imbued with the Protestant ethic and dedicated to the Glory of God. The best way to perpetuate religion, they reasoned, was to educate. When the immigrants began to flow into Boston —Irish, Italians and Jews—the Brahmins were said to have built an armory to protect themselves. One couldn't come to Boston and be a Brahmin. One had to have a background of six generations and to have belonged to the Porcellian Club at Harvard, have membership in the Somerset Club, and have a plot in Mount Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge. One belonged to The Country Club (so listed in the phone book), or to Chestnut Hill in Brookline, or to the Myopia Hunt Club. Until a few decades ago daughters came out at a cotillion and were then invited to join the Junior League.

One had good clothes, but wore them until they fell apart. The Brahmins locked the gates of their circle in the 1870s and kept them closed to all except the likes of the Saltonstalls, Lodges, Lowells, Lawrences, and Higginsons, founders of the Boston Symphony.

With their education and their wealth, the Brahmins turned to the arts and became their collective patron. They established the Museum of Fine Arts, poured their money back into Harvard and into medicine, especially Massachusetts General Hospital, which has strong Brahmin ties.

From July 22 to August 24 the Museum of Fine Arts will display over 150 contemporary works of Senegalese art—folk art on glass to abstracts. Beginning July 29 through September, its major exhibit, *From Fiber to Fine Art*, will include pieces from its permanent collection—everything from a Flemish tapestry to a gilt silver headpiece believed to have been given as a gift by Elizabeth I in 1578. From September 16 through November the museum will display 340 gold masterworks from recent Korean excavations, part of an exhibit that spreads over 5,000 years.

Some double-domed Bostonians are calling their celebration a tricenquinquagentennial. That being a twister not manageable by the ordinary larynx, Boston has also come up with another catchier slogan. "America," they are saying up in The Hub, "Your Mother Wants You to Come Home for Her Birthday." ■

A Musical Stroll Through Boston

by Irving Kolodin

The story is told of a wealthy, well-spoken European lady whose husband's business brought them to Boston. She was prompted, in search of companionship, to arrange a rather sumptuous reception to which Boston's ladies of distinction were invited.

Negative responses were almost unanimous. Was she socially unacceptable? Not at all. She had, in lamentable ignorance, set the date for a Friday afternoon, a time at which any Boston woman she might invite would be occupying her seat for the weekly concert of the Symphony.

Lest it be suspected that this is a custom just of this decade, or of the century, let it be noted that the Symphony —Bostonians do not recognize the existence of any other, so the city name is invariably omitted—will this year celebrate the hundredth season of its existence. In Jubilee time, it has its own spectacular wares to display.

Indeed, since the actual anniversary of the first concert is in October 1981, the musical riches will be spread over two seasons. This season's first program in Symphony Hall (whose telephone number is Commonwealth 1492) will open with a new "Fanfare" by Leonard Bernstein and end with the great Concerto for Orchestra by Bela Bartok, which was commissioned in 1944 by Serge Koussevitzky, music director of the BSO from 1924 to 1949.

Any walking tour of musical Boston would naturally begin at Symphony Hall. From there the visitor might proceed to the New England Conservatory of Music, on nearby Huntington Avenue, which was the prototype in America for privately funded, broadly based music schools (1867). Its Jordan Hall is still the preferred place for recitals in the Boston area (though Sanders Theater in Cambridge also has its adherents). There was a Boston Opera House, also located on Huntington Avenue. Built in 1909, a company performed there until 1916. Two years later the house was sold to the Schuberts, who used it for theatrical presentations. In 1957 it was razed.

To find its contemporary counterpart, one should direct one's step from Symphony Hall not to the barren monstrosity called the John B. Hynes Veterans Auditorium in the Prudential Center but along Boylston Street.

A stroll on Boylston Street takes one past several huge high-rise residential complexes, some well-kept 19th-century brownstones, reasonably priced eating places, a wide variety of service shops, and, suddenly, the Boston Library. Here the best of all program-note annotators, Philip Hale, did his research for the BSO programs from 1901 to 1933.

The shops become more elegant as one comes into the affluent residential area of Boylston Street. Both the Public Gardens and the Boston Common are integral parts of community history: Boylston Street flanks them both. There is music in the air here, too, for Steinway and the Boston Music Company are neighbors.

Nearby is the Colonial Theater where I saw Boston previews of musicals from *The King and I* to *A Little Night Music*. I would go back now on the promise of one show even half as good as either. The promise would preferably come from a long-esteemed critic, Elliot Norton, of the *Boston Herald American*.

Much of the future of Boston's musical life may reside in a one-time cinema palace on Washington Street. Formerly called the Keith Memorial, now the Savoy, the 2,600-seat theater has served as an improvised base for Sarah Caldwell's Opera Company of Boston for the past two seasons. Money is being raised to fulfill a National Endowment for the Arts challenge grant to convert the building into an air-conditioned, properly appointed opera house. With that capacity and a suitable, large stage (the present one is hardly big enough for three somersaults in any direction), it could serve not only the needs of the Caldwell company, but also those of the Metropolitan Opera during its annual Boston week in the spring, and ballet, oversized music shows, etc. (The cost for the conversion, between $5-6 million, will be less than 25 percent of what a similar theater would cost to build new.)

The last leg of the walking tour takes the music lover back to the Charles and the Esplanade where for so many years the spirit of the late Arthur Fiedler reigned supreme. Here, in the greatly enlarged and more functional surroundings, beside the bridge that bears his name, the tradition persists in the performances by the Boston Pops under the direction of John Williams. Celebrated for such film scores as *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, Williams has a wider, more traditional music culture behind him. The blend could assure the Pops' popularity for years to come.

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Isaac Bashevis Singer

by Katha Pollitt

Yiddish, which in the 19th and early 20th centuries possessed a flourishing literary tradition, persists today in the work of one man, 76-year-old Isaac Bashevis Singer, whose terse, passionate, sometimes mystical novels and short stories of life among Polish Jews in Europe and America won him the Nobel Prize for literature in 1978. In the pleasant, rambling upper West Side apartment where Mr. Singer and his wife Alma have lived quietly for many years, he talked with me about his early days as a writer, first in his native Warsaw and later in New York, and offered opinions on a variety of literary topics.

Q. *Did you always know that you wanted to be a writer?*

A. You might say so. My father was a writer, in a way. He was a rabbi, but he wrote religious books; and my older brother, I. J. Singer, began to write while I was still a child. So I decided I had to be a writer too. When I was a little boy in *cheder* [Hebrew school], I used to boast to my friends that I was going to write a book.

Q. *How did you begin?*

A. When I was 12 or so, I wrote an imitation of one of Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories, which I read in Yiddish. But it wasn't until I was 19 or 20 that I really started, first in Hebrew and then in Yiddish. Hebrew wasn't a living language then, as it is today, so I decided to write in Yiddish, the language I spoke.

Q. *That was a brave decision.*

A. Hebrew was considered a more honorable language. But it was a literary language, not a spoken one.

Q. *Did your wish to become a writer create opposition in your family?*

A. Yes, but luckily my brother had already begun writing, so all the quarrels and fights had been gone through already. By the time I started, the war was half over. Still, in our house, religion was the air we breathed, and my father did not think it an honor that his sons were to become secular writers. My parents considered it vulgar for us to write love stories, or any other sort of worldly stories.

Q. *Your parents' disapproval must have been hard for you.*

A. When you are young you don't call it hard. It's the same as when people ask me if I find writing hard. If you really want to do something, you rest, you get up in the morning, and you are fresh again. This idea of things being hard does not exist for me. The harder the better!

Q. *Many young writers today study creative writing in order to learn from older writers. Did you have a literary mentor?*

A. My brother, of course. But we certainly didn't take creative writing courses! What can a teacher tell you? I learned as writers have always learned: through observing life and reading. Of course, now that I am kind of a teacher myself, I see some good can come of it. But you have to have talent, you can't learn writing the way you can learn engineering.

Q. *Did you learn much from the other Yiddish writers in Warsaw?*

A. We talked a great deal about literature, but it was mostly gossip: how this one was no writer, and that one was a dreadful writer. Whether this kind of talk has anything to do with learning is hard to say.

Q. *I read a story about you and wonder if it's true. When you were a young man did you really withdraw your first book after it had been accepted for publication?*

A. It is absolutely true. When I was 26 or 27, I had a book of short stories accepted by a Yiddish publisher. It was set in type and the galleys were sent to me. I read them and I thought, this is not going to be my book—certainly not my first book. I told the publisher and there was a hue and cry, because in those days a Yiddish publisher was far from being a millionaire. To pacify him and to compensate him financially, I translated two books by Knut Hamsun from German and Polish into Yiddish. Then I decided to wait a few years before coming out with another book. Actually, I waited 28 years.

Q. *Was that first book really so terrible?*

A. I would say many worse books have been published and praised. But I didn't like it. I had the same literary taste then that I had 10 years later, and when something was boring I rejected it. I tell you, I waited 28 years to publish another book!

Q. *What were those years like?*

A. In the eyes of others, my decision to write in Yiddish was a great handicap for me. The number of poten-

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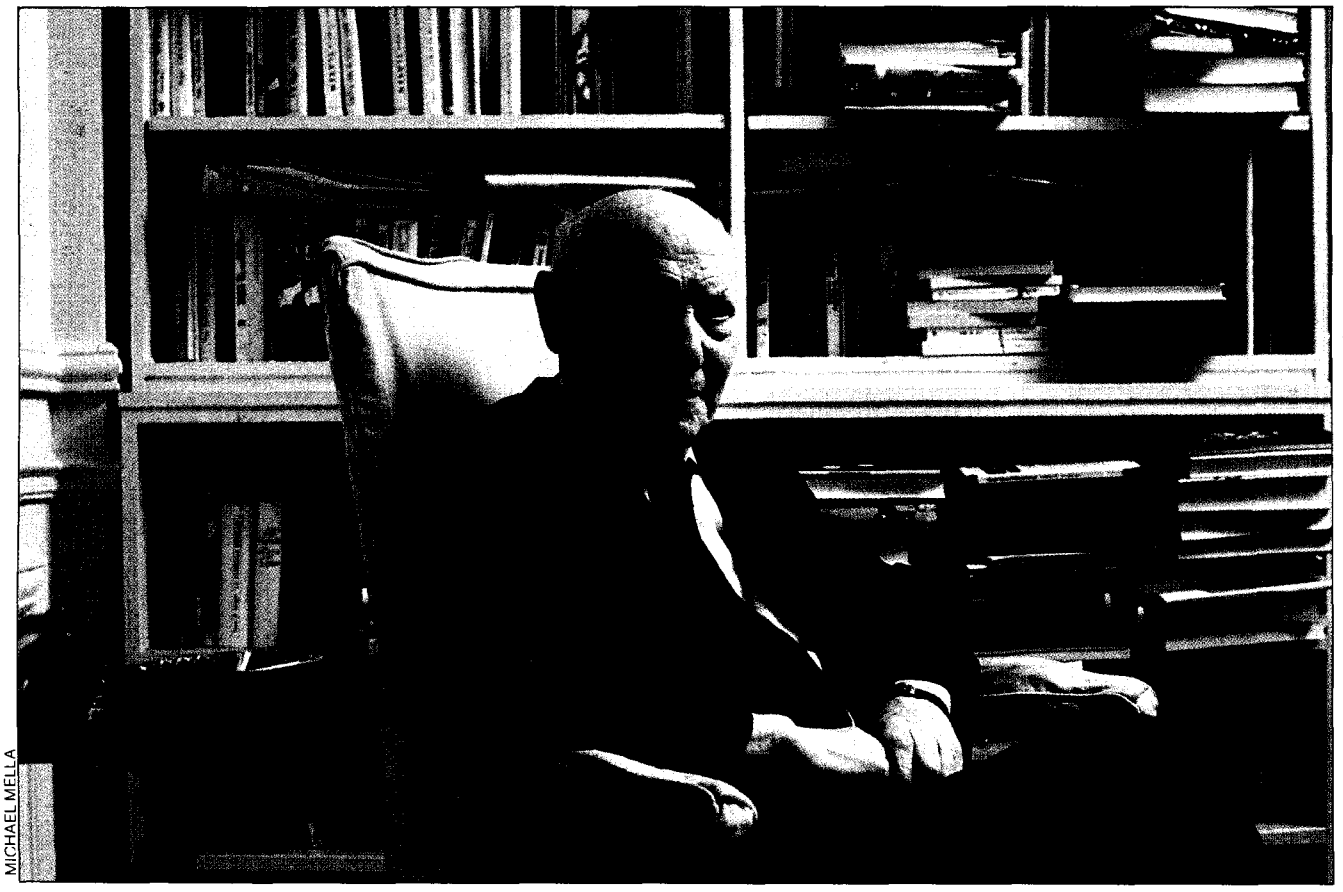

MICHAEL MELLA

tial readers was diminishing, and anyway Yiddish readers are not, as a rule, as cultured as readers in English or French or even in Hebrew. But I said to myself, this is my language, here I will fail or succeed, and so I kept on writing, with decision, not despair, no matter what happened.

Q. *You speak of being "unknown as only a Yiddish writer can be."*

A. Of course! People who don't know Yiddish don't know Yiddish writers, and they are a majority even among Jews. And among Yiddish readers, some of them can read a writer for years and still not know how to pronounce his name. I have friends among the Yiddishists who even today call me not Bashevis but Bashevitz or Bashevitch. But I had made my peace with it, I had decided these were my readers. Of course, I always hoped I would be translated, but I never made translation a condition of continuing.

Q. *Do you feel that there are nuances in your work which your English-language readers are missing?*

A. I have many translators, and after they have done an English approximation I go to work on it, in English, myself. This going over again and again helps me not to lose as much in translation as other writers do. If I didn't know English and couldn't take part in translating my work, I don't think I'd have many readers today.

Q. *So you make major changes as a story is being translated?*

A. While I'm translating it, and after it's translated, and when I read it over and over—I am always changing it. And when I send it in for a collection I edit it again. There is a continuation of writing, translating, editing, criticizing. When someone tells me about a flaw, I listen—my translators are my most constructive critics.

Q. *Do you think of your English and Yiddish audiences differently?*

A. I don't think about an audience at all, I think about a story. I am my own first reader, and pleasing me is a hard job. If a story doesn't satisfy me, I have a good friend under my desk: the wastepaper basket.

Q. *Does much of your work end up there?*

A. Plenty! But about audiences, I will tell you. I assume that my readers are as intelligent as I am and that they know as much about life as I do. I don't talk down to them, or feel I have to instruct them. Some writers are always afraid that their readers won't understand them, assuming that he is so high and they are so low. I never have this illusion for a moment.

Q. *You've said harsh things about Joyce, for instance.*

A. I will tell you. Just today, by accident, I opened a book by Henry Miller. I was astonished to see that he said more or less the same things about Joyce as I have—that he was a writer for professors. He wrote so that he would have to be explained all the time, in countless footnotes and scholarly papers. For me, good literature teaches you, but it also entertains you. You

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don't have to sit there and sigh and groan and read against your own wish. A real writer hypnotizes you so that you *want* to read him, his work is like a food you want to keep eating. A really good writer doesn't need so much explanation. That's why there are so few Tolstoy scholars, Chekhov scholars, de Maupassant scholars. But the disciples of Joyce have the spirit of scholars, or would-be scholars, and this kind of writing is not my cup of tea.

Q. *Didn't you once say that entertainment has become the dirtiest 13-letter word in the English language?*

A. Only among the literati.

Q. *And yet your stories do so much more than entertain. Sometimes I think you're teasing.*

A. I never said entertainment was the *only* purpose of writing. It's just the first. The first thing that matters about a restaurant is that the food is good. After that you think about whether it's elegant, whether the waiters are polite, and other such things. Entertainment is a minimum and a must. The message is not. *Anna Karenina,* for instance, has almost no message. You can't make a generalization that all women who have lovers commit suicide. But the story itself is so mighty it stands on its own. Only bad stories have to lean on the crutches of messages.

Q. *Yet Tolstoy himself came to believe that art had to have a message.*

A. In his old age he thought so, and he wrote many wonderful things even then—he couldn't help it. But the real Tolstoy is the earlier writer, not the one who wrote *Resurrection.* Besides, nobody took his version of Christianity seriously anyway, neither the Christians nor the atheists.

Q. *You are unusual as a serious writer in that your audience isn't only educated people. The man who runs the Laundromat I use, for instance, is a big fan of yours.*

A. The truth is, the man who runs the Laundromat knows as much about life as I do. He may not know Hebrew or Aramaic, but he's lived. A real writer can reach almost everyone with his words. Every Russian, if he could read at all, could read *Anna Karenina* and enjoy it and understand it. He didn't need guides and explanations. It was crystal clear. While Joyce used his gifts to become so obscure that readers would have to use 10 dictionaries instead of one.

Q. *Some people do genuinely enjoy Joyce, though.*

A. Almost everyone of them has a Ph.D. or is working for one. They enjoy obscurity and riddles. It's their privilege.

"A real writer hypnotizes you so that you want to read him, his work is like a food you want to keep eating."

Q. *It sounds like you have little sympathy for American writers today, who often feel that their books go out into a void.*

A. If their books go into a void it is because they write for a void. If you write for people, you will reach them.

Q. *Then does the distinction usually made between serious literature and popular literature not exist for you?*

A. Yes, there is a difference. A popular writer knows how to tell a story, but he tells it in such a primitive way that to a good reader it looks obvious and banal. *Anna Karenina* entertains, and so does a kitsch novel. The question is, what entertains whom.

Q. *You seem to appeal to both audiences.*

A. My editor Abe Cohen once said, a pig will eat garbage, but he'll also eat a piece of cake if you give him one. There is something of a pig in all of us.

Q. *You've said that a writer needs to have roots in order to produce good fiction.*

A. Yes. Real characters come from real people, and real people have roots. You can't write a novel about just A Human Being. You have to pick a specific man or woman, a person with an address. Real writers, therefore, stay in their own environment, in their own corner. Flaubert's *Madame Bovary* could only have taken place in one particular French provincial town, at one particular time. It couldn't have happened as Flaubert wrote it a hundred years before, or in Dublin.

Q. *Yet the bulk of your writing was produced after you'd separated yourself from your roots in the ghetto.*

A. Oh, I didn't separate myself. First of all, I had my memories, and literature is always more or less about the past. Secondly, in this country I lived among Yiddish-speaking people, I wrote for a Yiddish newspaper, my brother and my relatives were here. So I didn't run away from roots, I took them with me.

Q. *You write so much about spiritualism, mysticism, demons—*

A. Not about spiritualism, but about psychic phenomena like clairvoyance, premonitions, telepathy. Yes. This is a subject which literature has neglected, but to me it is life.

Q. *I've often wondered how much of this you literally believe, and how much you are using metaphorically, for your own artistic ends.*

A. Well, both. It's a literary metaphor, but at the same time I do believe in entities, creatures, souls, whatever you want to call them, the existence of which we don't have any scientific evidence for, but which we feel just the same—at least I do. You can't photograph them or bring them into a laboratory, but can you bring into a lab love, talent, the human spirit?

Q. *Must a writer believe in demons to write a good novel?*

A. I never said that! A writer can be a materialist, an agnostic, and still write. There's no such thing as "must"

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for a writer. However, it is a fact that you find the element of God-searching in the works of all great writers. Great men ask the eternal questions. For them, this is a must.

Q. *You seem to have an inexhaustible supply of characters. I have the impression that people are drawn to pour out their life stories to you.*

A. All the time! The moment I ask, out comes a story. Sometimes even before I ask. And if they ask me, I tell them mine. The passion of the writer exists in everyone of us. We don't want our experience to be ours alone, we want others to know about it too, to share it. I listen to the story, I understand it as best I can, I store it up in my memory, and someday it comes back to me. You can erase a recording machine, but you cannot erase anything from the brain.

Q. *Do you still learn from other writers?*

A. Most of what I learn now comes from life, not literature. The writers of this century, after all, are not the writers of the 19th century. We don't have Tolstoys and Dostoyevskys and Flauberts. However, this century is not finished yet.

Q. *Are there any new writers you admire?*

A. I'm glad there are old writers I admire!

Q. *Am I wrong to sense that your more recent works show less sympathy with modern life, and more nostalgia for the past?*

A. I don't think that's true. I've always criticized both the religious life—in "The Slave," for example—and modernity. I'm critical of the whole human race, and most of all of myself. You find a decent human being quite rarely. So I wouldn't say I've become more pessimistic. I've always been so.

Q. *I guess I am thinking of the disparity between your earlier fiction, which portrays a ghetto with its fair share of violence and cruelty, and your Nobel acceptance speech, in which you call the ghetto a great experiment in peace and humanism.*

A. Both are true. The ghetto Jews did not attack anybody, they did not wage war. At the same time, the ghetto had its thieves and prostitutes, and when it comes to writing about them, I'm not going to write about Spanish thieves or Portuguese thieves, I'll write about the thieves I know. The Jewish people are a great people, and their history is a lesson to the nations, but I can't write that everyone of them was a holy sheep and a saint. If I did I'd be lying. I might lie in my private life, but I'd never do it to my readers.

"The passion of the writer exists in every one of us. We don't want our experience to be ours alone."

Q. *In your statement "Why I Write for Children," you gave as one of your reasons the fact that children don't read to find their identity.*

A. This was more or less a joke. For years people have been saying writers write to find their identity, readers read to find their identity. It has become a cliché. No person should read me to find his identity. I want him to enjoy, and if he finds his identity in addition this is sheer profit.

Q. *What are your working on now?*

A. My new novel is a kind of fantasy, set in the time when the Poles stopped being hunters and began to work the fields, some time before they accepted Christianity. It's called *The King of the Fields*. I call it a fantasy because there's very little historical information about this era, so I've had to use my imagination. But when I read it, I feel that in some way it has the element—or at least the smell—of reality.

Q. *You're a famous writer. You've won the Nobel Prize. Do you think about whether you'll be read in a hundred years?*

A. I hope that when people a hundred years from now ask, "What happened to the Polish Jews in the 20th century that is now so far away," someone will answer, "If you read Isaac Singer you may find some clue."

Q. *Do you think there will be Yiddish readers then?*

A. I'm not sure. But people will study Yiddish, just the way they studied Hebrew for centuries after it became a dead language. I've said it so many times: Jews suffer from many sicknesses, but amnesia is not one of them. But why do you ask me all these questions about myself? Don't you want to know what I think about the future of fiction?

Q. *What do you think about the future of fiction?*

A. I will tell you. There is a future both for excellent writers and for very bad writers. There will always be an audience for good literature and for cheap literature. But the prospect for middlebrow or average fiction looks very dark, because its audience will get more and more of its entertainment from films and television and perhaps from media we don't know yet. So when a young writer sits down at his desk today, he should say, either I'm going to write for the best or the worst. He should never try to appeal to the reader who has little taste and big pretensions, because this reader is going to disappear, I wish.

Q. *What kind of writing do you mean, exactly?*

A. I mean the books that appear, day in, day out, by writers who more or less know their trade but have no real talent. I'd prefer the most vulgar literature to this kind of mediocrity that you can pick up and put down. This sort of book is and it isn't, it has no address, no deep roots, it doesn't entertain and it doesn't really teach, and it is always the result of a vogue. A good book, on the other hand, is unique. Talent never tries to imitate other talent. It is itself.

Katha Pollitt is a poet and critic who lives in New York.

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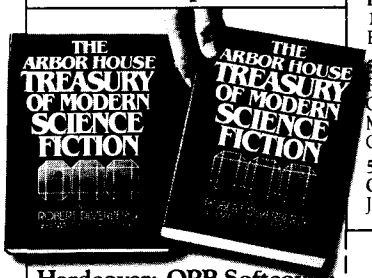

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Capote as Maupassant

by John Fowles

Music for Chameleons
by Truman Capote
Random House,
262 pp., $10.95

We European innocents think of Truman Capote mainly as a writer. I know he is seen otherwise in America, since I recall him being served up with the starters at a Manhattan lunch a year or two back, soon after the extracts from *Answered Prayers* had appeared, and being demolished with markedly more avidity than the food. Hardly anyone had a good word for him, except along the lines of the grudging admiration one must award the consummate exponent of anything —in this case, the stab in the back. What surprised me was how little his considerable literary gifts weighed in the scales. He might almost never have written a word, so far as that jury was concerned. His sole interest lay in his being an *enfant terrible*.

The imp's crime is notorious. He publicly prints what he has observed in private; and so betrays famous friends. In a foreword to the present collection he says, in my view quite rightly, that this is a matter of social politics (and, he might well have added, of heterosexual chauvinism), not literary morals; and refuses to discuss it any further. Like Mr. Capote I do not think the voguish rich and the ambitiously successful who constitute the *beau monde* of our century deserve special protection. If they parade their follies before the eye and ear (and claws) of a lynx, they cannot complain about what follows.

We have had enough of the diabolical trade of image-making. Every age needs its Petronius, its Saint-Simon, and the occasionally gratuitous cruelty is a small price to pay for the general destruction of plastic fig leaves. What defoliation goes on in this book seems to me in any case far from gratuitous. There is, for instance, in one excellent account of a day in the life of a New York apartment cleaner, an ugly little true story about President Kennedy. It is not in the least an irrelevant aside, but an oblique yet pungent commentary on the whole. Indeed the spiritual grandfather behind "A Day's Work" is, I sense, one of the greatest short fictions ever written, Flaubert's "A Simple Heart"; and it is not the only piece that someone politically further to the left than Mr. Capote can admire. Whether he intended it or not, "Mojave" says more about the sick side of capitalism than a dozen Marxist tracts.

Music for Chameleons consists of a brief autobiographical introduction, then six short stories followed by a novella; and it ends with seven "Conversational Portraits." The introduction reveals that Mr. Capote, in "a creative crisis" from 1977 on, has decided he must evolve a new technique. Despite his claims, the technique is (mercifully) innovatory only in one or two superficial and formal ways; in many more important ones it is a brave step back to older literary virtues. He now writes fiction increasingly near fact, and *vice versa*. In practice this means that he is very skillfully blending the received techniques of several kinds of writing.

"Handcarved Coffins," the novella, is rather pretentiously subtitled "A Nonfiction Account of an American Crime." I presume the crime is fictional, in which case no account of it can be nonfictional, however naturalistically and pseudo-autobiographically it is presented; if it actually happened, it can be romanced, but it cannot be fictional. And anyway, who beyond the campus cares? It is a fascinating tale about a bizarre chain of murders in the Midwest, and as grippingly readable as a Raymond Chandler—or *In Cold Blood*. Similarly, the seven "Conversational Portraits" are presented as real life—and some evidently are, including a deliciously convincing, and finally affectionate, account of an afternoon with Marilyn Monroe, by several miles the best thing I have ever read on her. Yet another "portrait" is equally clearly an orthodox short story. In making himself either *the* or a main character in all but one of his 14 pieces, Mr. Capote is adding verisimilitude, perhaps; he is not really saying anything new about fact and fiction.

It is not for nothing that playing ringmaster was a trick quite often used by Maupassant, since many of Mr. Capote's excellences spring straight from the great French master of the genre. One is his skill with characters—his equivalent of Maupassant's Normandy peasants—from the very opposite end of the social scale to the one he is popularly supposed to frequent. Several stories here could, with a few changes in period and national detail, slip unnoticed into any Maupassant collection, and one can't give higher technical praise than that. The shortest of all, "Mr. Jones," only two pages long, has just the spellbinding economy and effortless surprise ending the Frenchman loved in one of his moods. Another, called "Hello, Stranger," in which a drunken bore of an old classmate tells "TC" of an apparently innocent yet ruinous relationship he has formed with a little girl, makes brilliant use of another characteristic Maupassant device—the sting in the tail that throws all before it in doubt.

If all one required of a writer was high

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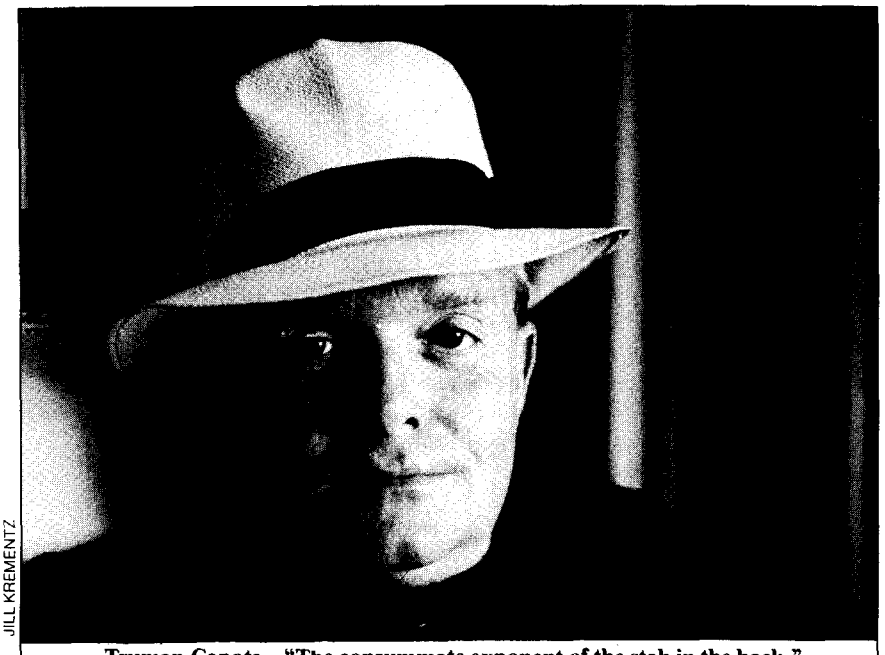
stylishness, a marvelous eye and ear, a far from contemptible degree of self-honesty, and a piquant readability in all he attempts, then one cannot fault Mr. Capote. He is as good as sheer literary intelligence can make a writer. What he seems to me to lack (and what raised his French models above being *only* great stylists) is a literary heart, which requires not only magnanimity but a patience with ordinariness, the gray muddle of average existence.

He speaks in his foreword of wanting to assimilate into his new style of writing all he has learned from "film scripts, plays, reportage, poetry, the short story, novellas, the novel." The odd man out here, the awkward fit, is surely that last thing. It is the very length and diffuseness of the novel that allows the growth of deeper feelings in both writer and reader; and creating such feelings in the short story is the most difficult Indian ropetrick in fiction. Yet all the truly great masters (most famously James Joyce in *The Dead*) have accomplished it, and as I read these glittering and always entertaining stories I found myself wondering why Mr. Capote came close at times, but never quite made it.

My tentative conclusion is that he is—as Maupassant himself was on occasion—half a victim of his own technical ingenuity; and half, or perhaps more than half, a victim of his decision to put himself so prominently on stage in all he writes. He isn't, of course, alone in this among contemporary American writers—Norman Mailer and Tom Wolfe spring immediately to mind. It is a time-honored and perfectly viable technique in true nonfiction. Most great journalists and travel writers, even many biographers and historians, have relied heavily on *ego* for their effects. But in fiction it puts one on a tightrope, in constant danger of falling into narcissism. I am sure Mr. Capote is aware of this, and it may be one reason he is so anxious to bring "fact" and "fiction" together. It must also be, I believe, why he now makes such ubiquitous use of dramatic or movie script form.



JILL KREMENTZ

Truman Capote—"The consummate exponent of the stab in the back."

In one way this reliance on "script dialogue" provides a useful inbuilt check against too much authorial self-indulgence; in another it sells every other character, and finally the prose text itself, short. The one thing, as every director and actor knows, film scripts are *not* good at conveying is all the feeling and emotion not expressible through dialogue. I had an ominously frequent suspicion that many of these stories would be even more enjoyable on screen than written—something would be given by actors' and actresses' faces that it escapes the power of dialogue, however expert, to provide. The question is what Mr. Capote, with his indisputable gifts, denies himself, and us, by being so omnipresent, the eternal other member of the act. Once or twice I almost heard his characters complaining, "Oh God, here comes Truman again—just when we were getting a world of our own."

One final small grumble. He says he wants in the new style to write simply, "clear as a creek." Too often the present creek is still not running with water but some more precious liquid, and I don't mean precious in the value sense. Now and again descriptions of people, clothes, food, and rooms read a heavy shade too much like something out of a chic glossy. To my ear phrases like "a Mozartean mosaic" or "the pale prairie-blue of Miss Cather's serene genius-eyes" are not creeklike at all, even with allowance made for the tacit license granted Southern writers to carry more purple than the rest of us. They would not be so obtrusive if the proclaimed ambition henceforth to "underwrite" was not very largely achieved.

But enough of reservations, which are mainly made against the author's own evaluation of himself. ("I'm an alcoholic. I'm a drug addict. I'm a homosexual. I'm a genius." In fairness, he does decline sainthood...yet.) I take it *Music for Chameleons* is a foretaste of what we can expect when *Answered Prayers* is finally rewritten and published, and I now look forward to it immensely. So also, I suspect, somewhere under a cafe awning on Parnassus, do Mr. Capote's three masters: Flaubert, Maupassant, and Marcel Proust (who must all have had a dry time of it recently). If I'm not quite sure yet that he will one day join them there, I think he begins, behind the froth and the brouhaha, the name-dropping and the backstabbing, the wicked penchant for recording how real people spoke and behaved, to make a serious bid for their company. And of one thing I am certain: Contemporary literature would be much, much duller and poorer without him. ■

John Fowles is the author of Daniel Martin, The French Lieutenant's Woman, The Magus, *and* The Collector.

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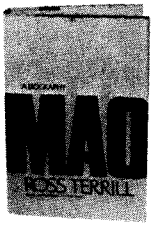
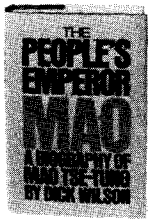
Mao: Revisionism Arrives

by Joseph Lelyveld



Mao
by Ross Terrill
Harper & Row, 481 pp., $17.95



The People's Emperor: A Biography of Mao Tse-tung
by Dick Wilson
Doubleday, 530 pp., $17.50

During the political masque and holy war known as the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, which convulsed much of China after 1966, there was a lot of talk of "verdicts" and the "reversal of verdicts." Basically, those who had risen on the tide of political protest set in motion by Chairman Mao Zedong (the Pinyin spelling of Mao Tse-tung, which most Western publications now use) were expressing the fear that those who had been swept away would be carried back to dry land—and power—by a counterrevolutionary wave. And so it has come to pass, especially in the four years since Mao, to use a wry phrase he favored in his declining years, went to "meet Marx" or, as some decadent Westerner might put it, his Maker.

What is China's "verdict" on this most complex and—from a Chinese standpoint, at least—most influential of 20th-century political titans as it finally ventures into a post-Mao era? The answer is mixed though not especially ambiguous. China was dry-eyed when Mao died, but his canonization, which occurred long before his death, has not been undone. How could it have been? Mao charted the distinctive course of the Chinese revolution, appealing to the peasant masses rather than to the urban proletariat, shaped the country's doctrines of insurgent warfare, and provided the language for most of its sacred texts. For the next 27 years he was the writer and director of the political melodrama that was played out in the republic he had founded.

To portray Mao as a tyrant now would be to imply that vast expenditures of human effort, faith, and hope by millions of Chinese over half a century were largely in vain. However much they may bemoan the human cost, the Chinese are too proud of what they have accomplished and too practical to think of risking it now by reversing the verdict on Mao. China still needs the Great Helmsman, not least because renouncing Mao would mean renouncing his revolution.

When Mao was in the final stages of his excruciating decline, his reputation outside China was near its zenith. Hunger, beggary, massive underemployment, the whole "rising expectations" syndrome, foreign debt, and deepening dependence on profit-hungry transnational corporations and banks seemed to have been avoided.

Then Mao died, and China impatiently threw off the shackles of Mao's doctrines. Theories of technologies suited to China's needs were discarded as rationalizations for backwardness. Peking was in the market for top-of-the-line computers, jet transport, fertilizer plants, oil-drilling equipment. At the end of 20 years of Maoist evangelization and a succession crisis lasting almost half as long, the coin of Maoist piety had been devalued. All it had bought, in the prevailing Chinese view, were palace intrigue, flattery, and lies.

Judging from two new biographies of Mao—the first in English to carry him beyond the start of the Cultural Revolution to his death on September 10, 1976—the implicit, but unambiguous, Chinese evaluation of Mao's last years has now had its impact on Western students. Ross Terrill, an Australian socialist who teaches government at Harvard, wrote two travel books on China in the early Seventies that only hinted at the pent-up bitterness, the suffering, and the savagery of the political in-fighting of that time. Now, when all of this can be more or less stated in China, Terrill allows himself to be fairly scathing in his judgments of "a demigod who became a misfit." The Cultural Revolution, Terrill tells us here, was "a naive festival of renewal" and "a charade in a hothouse." It was a "cannibalizing crusade" based on "mindless theory" that gave rise to much "disgusting nonsense."

Dick Wilson—a British journalist who has worked closely with many of the best scholars on contemporary China as editor of the leading scholarly journal on the subject, the *China Quarterly*—is less given to categorical judgments and more restrained in tone. But he is no less critical. The Cultural Revolution, he finds, was plainly a failure, as was the Great Leap Forward, eight years earlier. Wilson gives Mao his due as a visionary but reaches the offbeat conclusion that Mao's basic weakness—more serious perhaps than a supposed lack of "practical, political, and administrative skills"—may have been that he was "too kindhearted." If China had gotten a heavier dose of Stalinist economics in the Fifties, he suggests, its economy today might be in stronger shape.

What is being revived here is an old division that China analysts have discerned between supposed "pragmatists" and "radicals" on the Chinese

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political scene. Mao, the moralist and prophet of class struggle, was never numbered among the "pragmatists." The Chinese themselves have found different words for the same supposed split, pitting "reds" against "experts," zeal for mass mobilization against zeal for development of competence and technology. All these dichotomies are suspect, a reflection of Mao's own compulsion to see a "two-line struggle" in every political issue. But what is notable in these two books is what short shrift Chairman Mao's side of the argument gets now that he is gone.

The Mao who chose in 1966 to convulse his own regime started with the idea that class struggle could continue after socialism, that a Communist Party could become a new elite, oppressing the masses it had promised to liberate. Mao's methods may have been self-defeating—because, in the end, he was disinclined to see a real transfer of power to the people—but his insight was far more serious than Wilson or Terrill acknowledges. Indeed, Terrill has no patience for it at all. Mao's "exaggeration of the role of class in the China of the 1960s" was, in Terrill's view, the dictator's "chief phantom."

It is only necessary to think of that passionate polemic, *The New Class*, by the disillusioned Yugoslav Communist, Milovan Djilas—after nearly 25 years, a recognized classic—to find Terrill's easy dismissal of Mao's anxiety on this score surprising, not to say flip. There is ample evidence that the children of Communist Party cadres monopolized educational opportunities—and therefore the opportunities for advancement—as thoroughly as the children of the Mandarins did when Mao's predecessors ruled as emperors.

Terrill sounds, too, as if he thinks Mao was wrong in regarding socialism as a "social morality" rather than as a "science" and absurd to imagine that "history could move backward as well as forward," to fear that revolutions could be unmade as well as made. A word should be said for Mao. Socialism is not a science and the march of history can be a dirge. Terrill's Mao, bereft of "the historic faith" of Marxism, emerges almost as a nihilist—"a believer in yin and yang if not in much else." Terrill does not argue that Mao's rivals or successors retained the "historic faith" nor does he say what their "faith" may be, either. Presumably it remains connected to that of the Mao who discovered among the rural masses a passion for revolution before he was any kind of recognizable Marxist. In the 1930s he had defied the "pragmatists" in the Communist Party, just as he did again 30 years later. Finally, in the aftermath of the Cultural Revolution, he may have seemed a failure to himself and to China, but he was certainly never an apostate.

It is possible to argue with Terrill because Terrill advances an argument. For this reason alone, his biography is to be recommended over Wilson's,

Twenty years of Mao brought nothing but "palace intrigue, flattery, and lies."

which is so restrained in its judgments that it sometimes seems to be little more than a chronology, stitched together from the available sources with scant effort on the part of the author to weave a pattern or discover themes. Occasionally he seems to be cutting and pasting carelessly, as when he places Jawaharlal Nehru in Mao's study in the fall of 1964, five months after Nehru's death and 10 years after the actual visit.

But his real problem with sources is that, once again, he is too self-effacing. In a crucial tactical error he makes extensive use of hagiographic Chinese texts of doubtful accuracy, arguing in an explanatory note that these can be "useful to a reader who wants to capture Mao's life, including its smell and flavor." Usually such lengthy passages are served up with no qualification by the author, who makes little effort, beyond quotation, to evoke the "smell and flavor" himself. As for his judgments, Wilson mostly saves these for a brief, not very forceful conclusion that ends with an embarrassing choice of adjective out of the tales of Fu Manchu. The real Mao, he tells us, remains "inscrutable."

Terrill's biography achieves the narrative energy that Wilson's so conspicuously lacks, despite some slovenly writing. Terrill has a fatal attraction for the stalest figures of speech in the language. Mao, in his recounting, is forever going out on a limb, or discovering something is not his cup of tea, or that he has other fish to fry, or tougher nuts to crack. The author's choice of metaphors, in which swords and knives often figure, is not much happier, and his diction is, to say the least, unsettled. But the book has a sense of history and a well-paced narrative in which the aging Mao plays out his tragic role in a Chinese opera version of *King Lear*.

Terrill implies that Mao's unpredictability was just about all that there was wrong with the modern state of China. That may be doubted, but it cannot be doubted that Mao's lunges at revolution contributed to the disillusion of China's postrevolutionary generation, a consequence that foreign visitors on package tours have been slow to grasp. The question now is whether the Chinese state, having lost Mao and gained predictability, will be able to meet the aspirations of the Chinese people.

Peking's present leadership is ritualistically optimistic. But the streak of pessimism that darkened Mao's later years cannot be written off as an old man's despair. When Richard Nixon unctuously told the dictator he had changed the world, Mao sensibly and movingly replied: "I haven't been able to change it. I have only been able to change a few places within the vicinity of Peking." Later he told Helmut Schmidt, the West German Chancellor, that he gave his revolution no better than a 50 percent chance of success. In a letter to his wife, Mao said that "Rightists" might come to power after his death and use his words "to hold high the black banner."

"The Rightists may prevail for some time using my words," he went on, "but the Leftists may also organize some of my other words to overthrow the Rightists." That prophecy is well-known in China. We shall see. ■

Joseph Lelyveld, a former Times *correspondent in Hong Kong, is deputy foreign editor of the* New York Times.

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A Life-sized Freud

by W. Warren Wagar

Freud: The Man and the Cause—A Biography
by Ronald W. Clark
Random House,
652 pp., $19.95

Sigmund Freud, in the words of an American eulogist of the 1950s, "lived the life of the free-floating intelligence....Above nations, beyond class, outside time, such a man could know all, see all, tell all." Such a man perhaps, but the Freud of history, the Freud who lived and wrote and wielded so wide an influence on modern thought, was a middle-class Austrian of Jewish descent born in 1856. His intelligence, broad and deep as it was, never floated free. In his work as a doctor, a psychoanalyst, a metapsychologist, and a reader of the riddles of human destiny, Sigmund Freud belonged—like all of us—to his particular place and time.

The legend of a superhuman Freud, which peaked in the middle decades of this century, has now begun to fade. One obstacle to the decline of the legend has been the greatest achievement of his most faithful disciple, the Welsh analyst Ernest Jones. The three volumes of Jones's *The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud* (1953-1957) fashioned an image of Freud at once flattering and convincing, not unlike the portrait of Trotsky in the comparably monumental trilogy by Isaac Deutscher. Jones's biographical labor of love seemed difficult to refute, impossible to equal. At least until now.

Ronald W. Clark has done both the difficult and the impossible in his *Freud: The Man and the Cause*. It is a leaner book, but a fairer one, supported by prodigious archival research and a command of all the contexts in which Freud flourished. Clark gives us Freud the Jew, the fin-de-siecle Viennese, the Central European paterfamilias, the bourgeois, the physician and psychiatrist, the acolyte of positivist science and German metaphysics, the jealous prophet of a new secular religion, the repressed Puritan, the fierce old man of a quarreling band of egocentric 20th-century shamans, and the creative genius who invites comparison as a force in the history of ideas with the subjects of two earlier biographies by Clark, Albert Einstein and Bertrand Russell. Clark demythologizes the founder of psychoanalysis without abusing or undervaluing him. He furnishes a balanced, humane, and much needed alternative to the filial piety of Ernest Jones.

The feat is accomplished without sensationalism. Clark dismisses as "distinctly improbable" the recent allegation that Freud maintained a sexual *menage à trois* with his wife Martha and her sister Minna. Nor did he seduce his female patients, although he may well have been secretly infatuated with the mother of his first love, Gisela Fluss. Clark's point is not Freud's lustfulness, but its opposite, a life-long tendency to conceal and even repress sexual feeling. The point is underscored by Freud's frequent confessions of disgust with the "human dirt" in which his profession compelled him to grub. More than once he destroyed batches of intimate papers, fearing their later use by biographers. When his confidante Marie Bonaparte managed to purchase a massive collection of Freud's correspondence with a close male friend of his early years, she refused to let the letters fall into Freud's hands, afraid that he would burn them.

That all of Freud's sexual energies were not, to use his own terms, simply sublimated into pure creative thought is abundantly clear from the course of his life as founder and iron-willed pontiff of his own school of psychoanalytic theory and practice. He never rested in his vigilance to maintain both the leadership of the psychoanalytic movement and the (Freudian) purity of its doctrine. In a letter to Eugen Bleuler, he described the International Psychoanalytical Association, even before its establishment, as "a central office which would conduct its external policies and give authentic information about what should be permitted to be called psychoanalysis." As the American psychiatrist Thomas Szasz notes, Freud adopted the style of leadership "typical of big business or of imperialistic nationalism."

The wars of faith that ensued within the association, involving the defections of such celebrated young Freudians as Adler, Stekel, Jung, and Rank, are narrated dispassionately by Clark. In the retelling, the familiar stories lend support to Adler's concept of a compensatory neurotic need for power as the key to an understanding of personality disorders. Contradicted in

JERRY BAUER

Ronald W. Clark

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public by a heretical protege, Freud sometimes fainted. The expulsion of Adler in 1911 and the forced resignation from the association in 1914 of Jung and the whole Swiss delegation gave the patriarch a dark satisfaction that he made no effort to hide in his private correspondence. The survivors of each purge fought to demonstrate their loyalty, almost like the fawning courtiers of Stalin's Kremlin.

Clark is also well aware of the possible grave flaws in Freud's systems of therapeutic practice, psychological theory, and metapsychological speculation. He cites representative serious critics, now and again preferring to let Freud hang himself with his own words. Such issues as the nonverifiability of Freudian theory and the deep-seated ontological contradiction between its materialism and its psychologism do not escape Clark. Throughout, he makes few original contributions to the dialogue, but he marshals the arguments on all sides with precision and without knotting or tangling the threads of his narrative.

At a time when sociobiology threatens to overwhelm all purely psychological explanations of behavior, and when analysis, Freudian or otherwise, appears to be losing irreplaceable ground in the psychiatric profession, it is perhaps dangerous to go too far in debunking Freud. But what Pierre Janet, Freud's French contemporary and rival, said of Freudianism in the 1920s remains more or less true today. "He transformed," wrote Janet, "a clinical observation and a therapeutic treatment with a definite and limited field of use into an enormous system of medical philosophy." He claimed too much. He voraciously annexed more territory than he could govern, and he sought to convert a fledgling science into a kind of gnosis. Some of his progeny, notably the mystagogic Jung, later committed offenses against reason of a still higher order of magnitude. But in this way as in others, they were only their father's sons. ■

W. Warren Wagar is chairperson of the history department at SUNY-Binghamton. His latest book is World Views: a Study in Comparative History.

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BOOK BRIEFS

Fiction

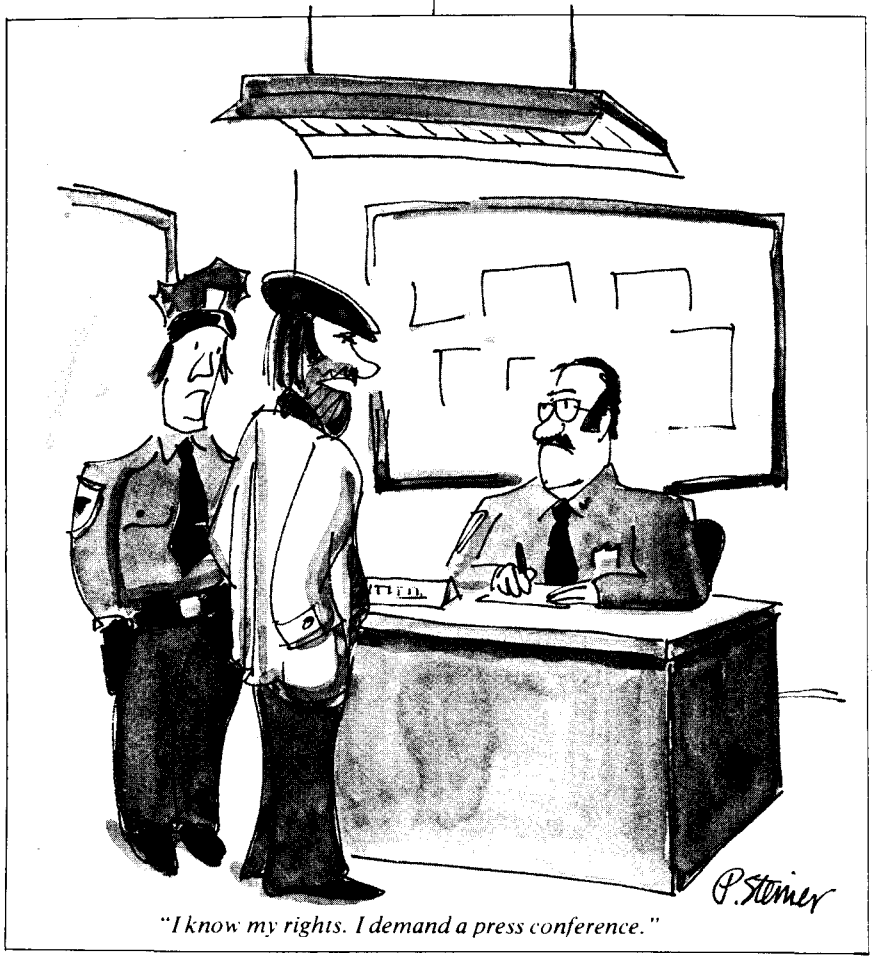
Rough Strife
by Lynne Sharon Schwartz
Harper & Row, 200 pp., $9.95

THE MARRIAGE OF Ivan and Caroline is under assault from routine, children, careers, infidelities, feminist rage, and the tug-of-war between two different natures—Ivan, fastidious and oblique, and Caroline, strong and direct, with a mathematician's mistrust of ambiguity. Their story, written from Caroline's viewpoint, records the ebb and flow and the nearly diabolical lack of synchronization in a 20-year marriage.

Caroline and Ivan settle in a university town where she teaches mathematics and Ivan raises money for the arts. They have two daughters—the first conceived "not in high passion but rough strife," the second in jealousy, as Caroline vies with their enchanting first child for Ivan's affections. At first their marriage is almost too harmonious. Caroline reflects bleakly that "the future was mundanely imaginable and linear."

It shortly becomes apparent that married life is not linear. Isolated and angry, Caroline tests "with a thrill of fear, how far she could go before he would break and try to break her." Sometimes, they live in "the uneasy balance of truce, like ancient, bickering neighbor nations of common descent, common language, and common perversity." And there are moments of exaltation—when Caroline realizes that her bond with Ivan "transcended the political, and even the personal."

She remembers "the secrets of spherical geometry, where—wonder of wonders—parallell lines met, on the rounded surface of the earth." They occasionally meet on the scarred and pitted surface of marriage, too. In her first novel, Lynne Sharon Schwartz has given us an almost flawless anatomy of a flawed institution, an intelligent and robust account of a marriage that is like land's end—a spit of earth, divided again and again by rough seas, that stands stubbornly whole when the tides recede.



"I know my rights. I demand a press conference."

Blackbird Days
by Ken Chowder
Harper & Row, 230 pp., $9.95

A NOVEL ABOUT contemporary manners and family life. Three brothers—Will, Neal, and Howard Bard—share the stage of Ken Chowder's surprisingly cheerful first novel, each trying to make his separate peace with impending middle age. Ostensibly narrated by the humorless Number One brother, Howard, a crossword-puzzle editor at a New York City newspaper, the story is actually kept aloft and winging by the cynical, wisecracking middle brother, Neal. Stodgy old Big Howie could never have seen the possibilities in Chowder's opening scene, where Will refuses to leave the bathtub after his wife walks out with their only child. But page by page, we are willing to forgive Chowder almost anything so long as he keeps up his lively banter. He is a tremendously satisfying writer, bringing good news, for a change, of the people who used to be called the Woodstock generation. —CAROLE COOK

An Eastern Tradition
by Phyllis Birnbaum
Seaview Books, 368 pp., $10.95

"I HAD EVERY CHANCE to tell the standard sort of Oriental romance," begins Clarissa Breakstone, the narrator of this novel about her marriage to a

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Bombay lawyer named Lalitmohan Vyas whom she met when they were graduate students at Columbia. Instead, this out-of-the-ordinary woman turns the story of her education as wife in a middle-class Indian household during the first reign of Indira Gandhi into a wise and entertaining comedy of manners.

Clarissa's father is a world-renowned scholar and popularizer of classical Indian texts. But none of her education in his household or at Columbia has prepared her for the odd and often distressing realities of 20th-century life on the distant sub-continent. An "elongated redhead" who in a sari pictures herself as appearing like a silk-draped giraffe, Clarissa is surrounded by a fascinating group of characters: There is her mother-in-law Mrs. Vyas, who seems to have stepped out of the set of the old TV show *The Goldbergs*; her scheming but ineffectual brother-in-law Suhas, who sells her jewelry in order to fund his latest business venture; some bewildered American graduate students; bejewelled criminals and the time-serving supporters of Her; the prime minister whose repressive regime adds to the turmoil of Clarissa's already troubled marriage.

Birnbaum controls this large cast quite effectively by means of Clarissa's canny and astringent narrative voice which, unlike the voices of the boys at the Bombay orphanage whom she directs in a politically subversive performance of *Julius Caesar*, has more levels than loud and soft. *An Eastern Tradition* is not a standard Oriental romance but an amusing novel of extremely high standards.

—ALAN CHEUSE

Consenting Adults, or The Duchess Will Be Furious
by Peter De Vries
Little, Brown, 244 pp., $9.95

WHEN TED PEACHUM, a well-proportioned young man, is not upending the girls of Pocock, Illinois, he is thinking about it. A lineal descendant of the man who admires breasts like brioches in Peter De Vries's *The Mackerel Plaza*, Peachum admits "a mound of flapjacks will remind me of a bosom." In his remaining time, he works as a furniture mover, trailing after him in the streets a group of disciples entranced by his socio-literary-historical ramblings ("If America can be thought of as polarized between two sets of James brothers, Jesse and Frank at one end and you know who at the other. . ."). Driven to New York by calumny and opprobrium, who insist on making a three-day layover in Pennsylvania (I'm sorry, this kind of thing is catching), he takes up with his old flame, Snooky von Sickle, and falls simultaneously in love and into bed with triplets ("Is it another woman?" "Not exactly.").

A lot of this is fine stuff, but the giddiness never lets up. No one, apart from a budding Lolita, ever develops. The narrative has no direction or energy to carry you along, and the literary allusions, numbering six to a page, merely break up the flow like big-name actors popping up in cameo roles in a Bible movie.

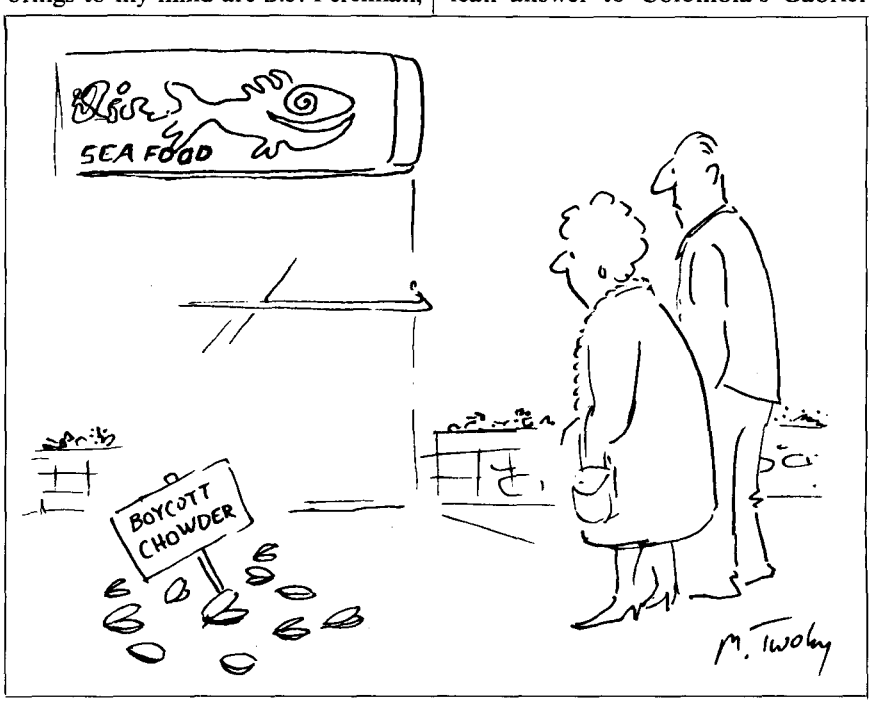
The three authors whom De Vries brings to my mind are S.J. Perelman, John Collier, and P.G. Wodehouse. But Perelman's and Collier's works have the venom, or wildness, respectively to sustain them—usually just for the length of a short story. And P.G. Wodehouse's characters, though severely limited, do behave in a recognizably human way. Everything in De Vries is grist for a giggle. But shouldn't a novel at least hint at a heart?

—RHODA KOENIG

Nonfiction

China Men
by Maxine Hong Kingston
Knopf, 308 pp., $10.95

IF YOU SOMEHOW MISSED *The Woman Warrior*, you might as well start here, with its companion volume, since sooner or later you are bound to read Maxine Hong Kingston. With her fantastic tales of growing up between two worlds—the China of her ancestors, which she has never seen, and her family's hand laundry in Stockton, California—she is the Chinese-American answer to Colombia's Gabriel



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BOOK BRIEFS

Garcia Marquez. The first of the two volumes was subtitled "Memoirs of a Girlhood Among Ghosts," but, following the Chinese tradition, learned from her mother, of "talking-story," her memoirs are made up as much of legend and folk tale as of family history and personal recollection.

In her first book, Kingston "talked-story" about the female line and of herself, and *China Men* seems most intense when it touches on her father and brother. But it also encompasses several generations of China men who left behind their villages, wives, and children for an America that exploited their labor only to deport them. It remained for the China men of Kingston's generation to assure their identity as Americans by fighting in the Vietnam War.

She is Maxine (named for a blonde client in her father's illegal pigeon gambling house) Ting Ting Hong Kingston (the last name is her husband's, and also her son's): Maxine Ting Ting Hong Kingston. Many Americans have chosen their outer names; few can still remember their inner names. But she is also the Woman Warrior herself, wielding a pen rather than a sword on behalf of her people and country.

At first her landscapes will seem new, intoxicatingly strange, almost foreign, but that's how America is—full of surprises still waiting to be discovered, or invented. We've done nothing to deserve Maxine Hong Kingston, but she is fiercely ours—our oracle, our virtuous heroine.

—CAROLE COOK

Animal Days
by Desmond Morris
William Morrow, 304 pp., $10.95

IF YOU LIKE ANIMALS, chances are you'll love *Animal Days*—that is, if your likings go beyond the everyday house pet to the unruly inhabitants of bush and field, whose ways are at once winning and dangerous. Desmond Morris is such an animal lover, and here he tells where his affections took him during his first 40 years, up to the day he resigned his post as Curator of Mammals at the London Zoo on the eve of publishing his well-known book on the human animal, *The Naked Ape*.

No ordinary observer and friend of the animal kingdom, Morris sees with eyes educated by art, and he loves with a heart informed by science. Originally a student in the budding science of ethology, which examines animal behavior, Morris found such arresting patterns as divorce among the zebra finches and homosexuality among the ten-spined stickleback. But he was not satisfied with the academic career such discoveries opened up to him, and when offered a television program called *Zootime*, he grabbed it.

More than half the book records the saga of his 10 years as host of this show and his subsequent tenure as curator of its stars: the animals of the London Zoo. We see creatures large and small entertaining and upstaging their masters, like an unpredictable man-eating frog, a pair of rampaging bears, a giraffe with rigor mortis, and, most notable, the chimpanzee Congo, who, nurtured and promoted by Morris, created a sensation in the art world with his abstract paintings. Morris keeps the tone suitably light, even jocular, without abandoning his scientist's flair for generalizing. So there are lots of laughs and many apercus revealing secrets of the behavior of both animals and human beings.

—JAMES SLOAN ALLEN

Soldiers of the Night: The Story of the French Resistance
by David Schoenbrun
Dutton, 489 pp., $15.95

OFTEN, WHILE READING this marvelous book, one must blink back tears summoned, all these years later, by stories of heroism and self-sacrifice that challenge belief. And, too often, tears at the betrayal of some brave person and tears of rage at Nazi brutality.

David Schoenbrun, longtime CBS Paris correspondent, and, during the war, combat correspondent and intelligence agent among the Free French in North Africa and France, has created a prodigious work crowded with compelling stories, enough for a shelf of books.

One scarcely knows where to begin in suggesting the historical and emotional richness of *Soldiers of the Night*: the dear little old ladies who became master

"If you'd have asked me six months ago I would have said I was against deregulation."

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thieves of ration books; the Jewish Boy Scouts working with nuns and priests; the top Resistance leader who refused to crack under ghastly torture; the bilingual, bisexual American who executed Nazis and collaborators with an ice pick or his bare hands. Or perhaps one should start by discussing the young resistant who caused German troop and armament trains to crash head on; the draftsman whose 50-foot canvas depicted German defenses along the English Channel; the extraordinary woman whose spy network provided vital information and who escaped torture and death by squeezing naked through a barred window.

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—RICHARD J. WALTON

Life at Death: A Scientific Investigation of the Near-Death Experience
by Kenneth Ring, Ph.D.
Coward, McCann & Geoghegan,
352 pp., $11.95

FOLLOWERS OF Elisabeth Kubler-Ross's work will recall the distinguished psychiatrist's dramatic announcement that her discussions with survivors of near-fatal accidents and illnesses had convinced her of the existence of life beyond the grave. Here, University of Connecticut professor of psychology Dr. Kenneth Ring reports on his attempt to investigate the near-death experience "under more controlled conditions."

Ring's interviews essentially confirm the findings of his predecessors, Kubler-Ross and Dr. Raymond Moody, and

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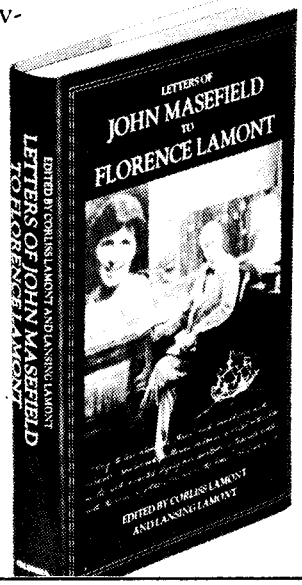

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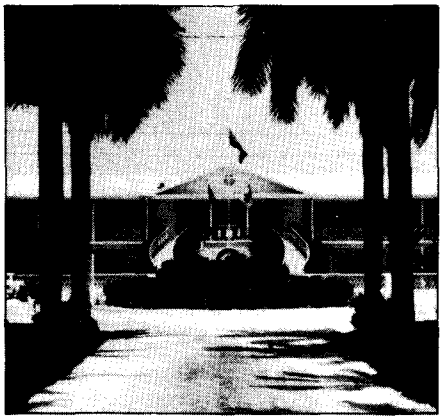

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BOOK BRIEFS

seem to eliminate some obvious explanations for the bizarre pattern of out-of-body experiences reported by so many subjects. However, readers who were skeptical about earlier reports of this phenomenon will be unlikely to find the parapsychological explanation offered by Ring any more convincing.

—JOYCE MILTON

A Giacometti Portrait
by James Lord
Farrar, Strauss & Giroux
117pp., $10.95

"YOU HAVE THE HEAD of a brute," Giacometti informs James Lord at the first of 18 sessions. "If I could paint you as I see you and a policeman saw the picture, he'd arrest you immediately." This slim, unpretentious journal, a glimpse into the mind and working methods of a dedicated artist, is the result of two simultaneous portraits. While Giacometti labored over representing his friend's nose, torso, and bone structure in depth, the subject took notes and recorded the slow metamorphosis in photographs that precede each chapter.

Those with a prurient interest in the private lives of the great will be disappointed; the author takes care to edit out the indiscreet. What comes through is the charged link between model and image maker and the burdensome tension inherent in rendering reality from scratch.

To distract himself from the Sisyphean cycle of building up and blanking out forms on canvas, Giacometti chats continuously, and his observations on sundry subjects from suicide (he awards self-incineration the highest rating) to Cubism ("a perfectly stupid undertaking") are entertaining. These items are laced, however, with melancholy gasps, loud cries, and foot-stamping exclamations of frustration.

The sitter so identifies with what is happening at the easel that his forced passivity becomes excruciating. At a peak moment, he requests a rest, thus preventing the destruction of yet another long day's definition of his face. Readers can well understand when, toward the close of the ordeal, Lord's formal and effusive thank you is brushed aside by his fellow sufferer with a brusque "You're out of your mind."

Clearly, both men are profitably derailed by their brief exchange,and the counterpoint is a small triumph of gentlemanly reportage.

—LAURA GERINGER

The Unspeakable Crimes of Dr. Petiot
by Thomas Maeder
Atlantic-Little, Brown, 302 pp., $12.95

"MAITRE, MY FRIEND, if anyone publishes something on my case after my death, ask them to include photographs of the people I have been accused of killing. Then, perhaps, one day they will be found, and my innocence can be proved." With these words, in May 1946, Dr. Marcel Petiot climbed to the guillotine. It is rumored that as his head fell from his shoulders, a French court official pulled a camera from his robes and snapped a picture. The head was smiling.

In *The Unspeakable Crimes of Dr. Petiot*, Thomas Maeder indeed publishes photographs of the alleged victims as well as a riveting organization of the evidence accumulated from one of France's most abominable murder trials. With the skill of a novelist, Maeder develops the case around the question that remains unanswered: Were the brutal murders of more than 60 victims the accomplishment of an ardent Resistance leader, as Petiot claimed, or the deeds of a demented and brilliantly resourceful scoundrel? From the official dossier and interviews with surviving participants, Maeder recounts Petiot's seamy history, his diagnosed psychopathology, and the mysterious lapses of protocol that studded his postwar trial.

—EMILY BENEDEK

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States Dyckman:
American Loyalist
by James Thomas Flexner
Little, Brown, 238 pp., $15.95

FROM KENNETH ROBERTS'S fictional Oliver Wiswell to Bernard Bailyn's Thomas Hutchinson, the most prominent American Tory has been the aristocrat. Of those less well-born who remained loyal to the Crown, we still know little. Now James Thomas Flexner, author of distinguished biographies of Washington (for which he won a National Book Award and a Special Pulitzer Prize Citation) and Hamilton, spotlights one distinctive member of this obscure company.

States Dyckman, son of a failed New York tavern-keeper, became a creative accountant for the British army's quartermasters, who enriched themselves generously even by the tolerant standards of the time. Dyckman expected his share, but had to spend over 20 years importuning his patrons before finally obtaining the equivalent of nearly $3 million. Returning to the Hudson Valley to enjoy his wealth, he died just two years later.

Despite his cupidity, Dyckman emerges from Flexner's book more victim than villain. Although historically unimportant, the story sets in sharp relief the English system of aristocratic privilege that had angered American rebels and ultimately disgusted many Loyalists. "I like not this country," Dyckman lamented from England. "Here we would be *nobody*."

Dyckman's world on both sides of the Atlantic included many nobodies that Flexner turns into somebodies: the sleek quartermasters, with noses alternately in the air and in the trough; Betsey, Dyckman's devoted young wife; and Caty, his doting sister. Even the author's discussion of bookkeeping procedures fascinates. In sum, a strange and moving tale, briskly told, that puts a new, quirkily human face on the Tory experience.

—LUTHER SPOEHR

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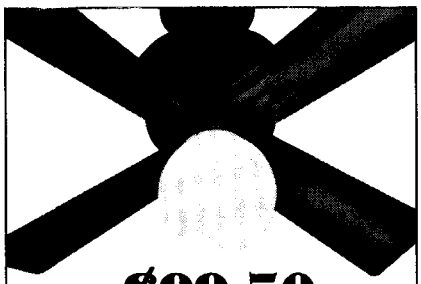

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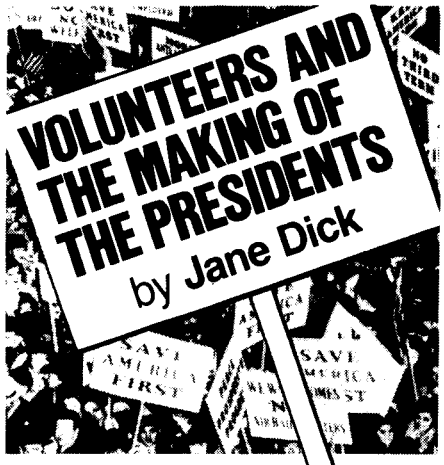

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FILM

Stephen Harvey

"Shining" It Isn't

Ignore the blood pouring from the elevators and hacked-up little girls, and you find that *The Shining* (Warner Bros.) is about a stalled writer (Jack Nicholson) who decides that a long spell of isolation will free his blocked muse. Holed up off-season with his family in a remote hotel perched atop the Rockies, he clatters away demoniacally at his typewriter for weeks on end, snarling at his intimates at the slightest hint of distraction, and ever more alienated from all normal human intercourse.

One day, his apprehensive wife (Shelly Duvall) decides to take a furtive glimpse at his manuscript. What she discovers is ream after ream of prose paragraphs, dramatic dialogues, and poetic stanzas, composed of the same sentence—"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Nicholson lashes out violently at Duvall for peeking and dares her to deny that this nullity is in fact masterful stuff.

The creepiest part about this synopsis, for anyone familiar with its creator's *modus operandi*, is that it sounds like the making of *The Shining*, starring Stanley Kubrick himself. As always, Kubrick shut himself off on a closed set, keeping great distance between himself and the studio moneymen, brooking no interference and precious few suggestions. One can only imagine how Warner executives must have felt when they finally got a look at *The Shining* just days before it opened, only to find that it consists of endless tracking shots upon traveling shots that don't add up to much. Did they cringe and cower and tell Kubrick they thought it was wonderful? More ominous still, is it possible that they really believed that the director had created a masterpiece?

In grudgingly given interviews, Kubrick expressed the wish to make, this time around, a traditional horror movie for the widest possible audience. Yet if ever there was a director ill-suited to make a pit-baiting thriller, Kubrick is it. With his dry-ice emotional detachment and preoccupation with formal perfection, Kubrick's creations aren't mere movies but film theory at work.

Jack Nicholson as a crazed, paranoic killer, Shelly Duvall as his apprehensive wife, so dull-spirited that she can scarcely follow the images dancing across her TV set, much less commune with the ectoplasm holed up in the guest rooms.

The haunted house is one of the less realistic conventions in moviedom. So it helps to put the plot together with enough craft to render it momentarily plausible, while speeding through it with enough momentum to make the viewer willingly ignore the lapses of logic. Also, if you want the audience to care about your heroes' disintegration into victim or ogre, you've got to give them some recognizable human dimensions to lose in the first place. Finally, you can't telegraph your visual punchlines—the surest way to dissipate suspense is to hit the same note of portent so often that it becomes as familiar as television's Mr. Whipple.

The Shining breaks every one of these rules so insistently, one can't help wondering if Kubrick was trying to turn this property into a parody of the genre. Narrative flow has never been the director's strong suit anyway, and *The Shining*'s pregnant longueurs emphasize that the script he and Diane Johnson have fashioned from Stephen King's novel doesn't make sense.

The story essentially has a dual focus: Nicholson's descent into paranoia and his son's growing awareness that the retreat's homocidal history is going to be repeated with himself and his mother as the victims of Daddy's madness.

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Now it is possible to swallow a tow-headed tot (Danny Lloyd) who can recall the grisly past and foretell the gruesome future (expressed in tired post-*Exorcist* fashion by putting a groggy monotone in the kid's mouth). But why is the father so susceptible to his ominous surroundings that he becomes a crazed killer? The film's final image vaguely underscores previous hints that reincarnation is at the bottom of it all—which feels like a willful tease after more than two hours of brooding crescendos.

Throughout, hausfrau Duvall has been limned as so dull-spirited that she can scarcely follow the images dancing across her TV set, much less commune with the ectoplasm holed up in the guest rooms—so why does she start seeing these (possibly imaginary) phantoms herself? And why are some of them as physically substantial as she is, while others are mere cobwebby skeletons? Who are these ghouls anyway, and what unmentionable sins condemn them to linger in this hotel-lobby limbo? You'll have to rummage through the novel if you want to find out the answer, because Kubrick simply isn't telling.

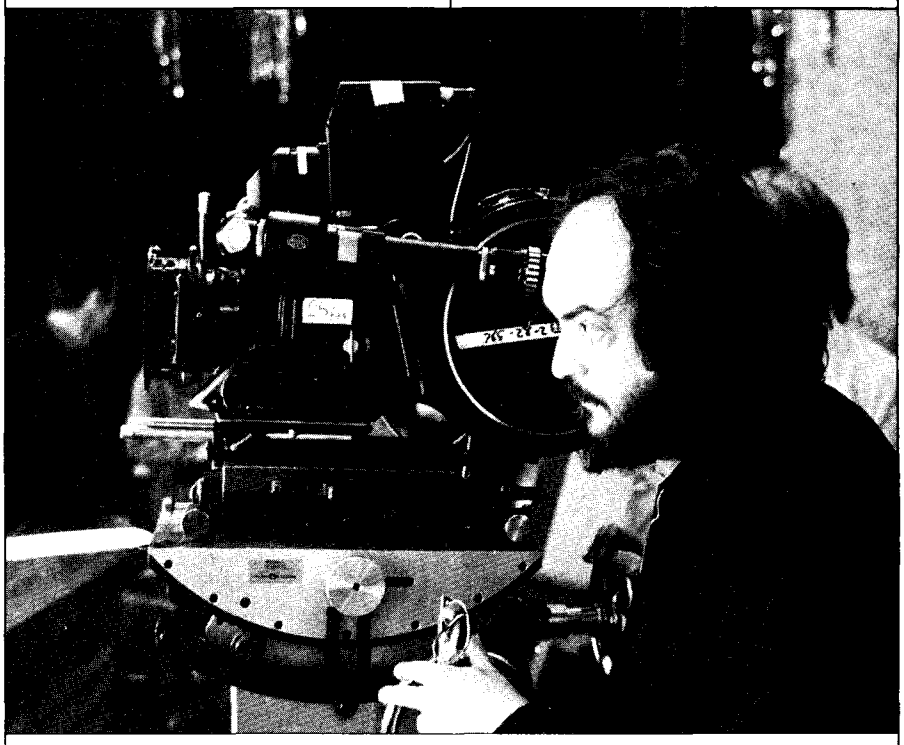
The Shining might have worked as a cautionary tall tale of violence and resentment lurking even within the most "normal" family, if at the outset Duvall, Nicholson, and Lloyd had seemed acquainted with, much less related to each other. But ever since *2001*, Kubrick has tended to treat characters as if they were rather uninteresting motes cluttering up the landscape framed by his fish-eye lens. Not since *Lolita* and *Dr. Strangelove* has anyone looked forward to a new Kubrick movie for its acting. In *2001* and *Barry Lyndon*, Kubrick clearly chose the likes of Keir Dullea and Ryan O'Neal for their fundamental blankness as performers. Here he's tapped Duvall and Nicholson only for their spacy eccentricities.

Duvall's performance is like an audition for her forthcoming role as Olive Oyl in Robert Altman's *Popeye*—all pasty skin and blank saucer eyes, forever whining, twitching, and scurrying. And Nicholson, with such turns as his jauntily innocuous greeting of "Wendy, I'm home!" as he bashes down Duvall's door and a spectral sendup of a vaudeville drunk teetering off the wagon, seems to be aiming for some kind of gallows-lampoon quality. But his dementia-arched eyebrows and deathmask grimaces are too laborious for wit, much less menace. As he juices up his repertoire of dissolute puckishness, you don't care what's happening to this character he's playing—you're just flinching at the damage being wrought on Nicholson the actor.

Kubrick doesn't possess the instincts needed to deliver a traditional genre movie, so he tweaks you incessantly for wanting those cheap thrills in the first place. He dutifully pours on the aural cacophony and zoom-lens closeups every time little Danny has another vision, because that's what a horror movie does. All this son-et-lumiere seems particularly bogus when the long-awaited payoffs turn out to be rather pallid stuff. A genre piece like this can survive without frissons, if slow inexorable menace is supplied instead. Yet throughout, the rhythms Kubrick imposes on each scene are too flaccid and attenuated for that. A men's room encounter between Nicholson and a dead hotel employee, chatting about their "naughty" families, is played like community-theater Pinter, and even the movie's climactic set piece—Nicholson's pursuit of his son through a snowy maze adjacent to this Waldorf-Transylvania—runs on at least twice as long as it should.

The whole enterprise becomes an excuse for Kubrick to show off his technical legerdemain—forever hurtling his camera, Cinerama style, through the infinite passageways of Ken Adam's folly of a set. You're too busy marveling at the wondrous smoothness of these impossible shots to think about what they're contributing to the mood of the scene (usually quite little), or where you're actually heading (generally nowhere—Kubrick tends to cut away before you figure that out).

If Kubrick couldn't condescend to making a straight gothic shocker, he should have left this yarn alone, because the spuriously inflated movie he came up with is less that piffle. *The Shining* is like attending a pops concert whose maestro sweats trying to prove against all evidence that, despite his classical rigor, he really has soul. ■



Stanley Kubrick at work, brooking no interference and precious few suggestions. If he couldn't make a straight gothic shocker, he should have left this yarn alone; the spuriously inflated movie he came up with is less than piffle.

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THEATER

Stanley Kauffmann

Two Companies: Yea and Nay

New York has at least 75 institutional theaters—permanent establishments that plan seasons of plays year after year, rather than *ad hoc* producers who put on shows when they find scripts. Of those theaters, the one that I go to with the highest anticipation is the Negro Ensemble Company. Whatever the quality of the particular play, which is usually a premiere, I know that the acting is going to be good. I've had my doubts about many of the scripts, but I've never been disappointed in the company. And amid all the hunger these days for the ensemble concept, few have noted that the NEC's actors have come as close to it as any company around. Their range is somewhat limited, but they work like people who know and grow together.

Last winter I went to their Off-Broadway base to see *Home*, written by one of their actors, Samm-Art Williams (who isn't in it) and directed by Douglas Turner Ward, co-founder and artistic director of the NEC. Now *Home* has moved to Broadway, with the same cast of three, the same direction and setting. I've seen it again, and again it's impressive in two ways: as a winning, simple, little theater poem and as a work built on the strengths of the NEC by someone who knows the company. The weaknesses of *Home*—its patches of facile rhetoric, its overly neat structure—are surmounted, even vitalized, by the performers. It's *their* piece, made for them, and they fulfill it.

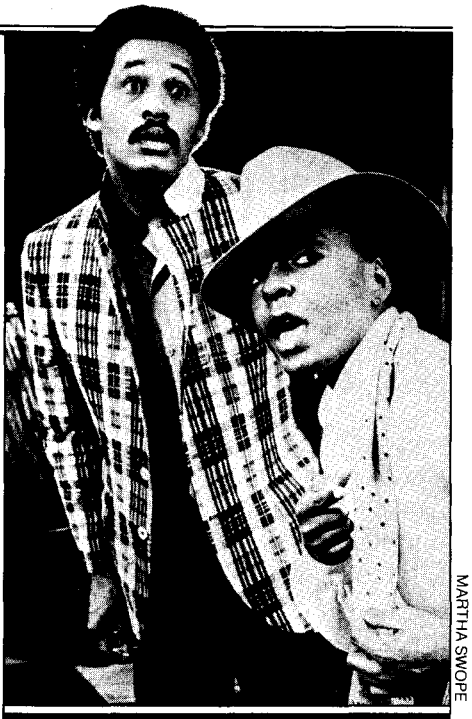
Home isn't a conventional play. It's an unbroken narrative, running from the late 1950s to the present, about a young black North Carolina farmer. He comes to manhood loving the land, goes to prison because he refuses to be drafted, then drifts to the city, is whirled in its whirl, and finally makes his way back to the farm which is his again in a romantic finish that comes out of a romance begun earlier. The story is in the pastoral tradition about the virtues of nature, a young man who strays from them, returns, and finds clarity. What's important, beyond the lovely production, is the strength of the protagonist's feeling for the land, a theme that has been present in black American writing since Jean Toomer's novel *Cane* (1923) but which has been obscured by latter-day dramas of urban agony.

Charles Brown, the farmer, has warmth and strength and wit and more than enough stage presence to validate the evening. All the other characters are women, a lot of them, and they're all sketched vividly by two actresses, L. Scott Caldwell and Michele Shay. Under Ward's loving hand, *Home* has the effect of a homespun ballad.

In its 13-year existence the NEC and Ward have come in for a considerable barrage from radical groups, blacks, and others because their work generally centers on the life of black people rather than the changing of that life. I'm glad that there are other black groups concerned with such change; I wish they all had the talent of the NEC.

BAM, the repertory theater at the Brooklyn Academy of Music whose first two productions, *The Winter's Tale* and *Johnny on a Spot*, I discussed last month, has now finished its first season with Gorky's *Barbarians*, Rachel Crothers's *He and She*, and *The Marriage Dance*, two one-act farces by Brecht (right, Brecht) and Feydeau. The state and fate of BAM are nationally significant as an index of the chances for repertory in the United States today. The first season just about manages to provide us with some reason for hope.

Barbarians is lesser Gorky, and he's not a major dramatist to begin with—grave and humane but with little of the



MARTHA SWOPE

KEN HOWARD

Brown, as a farm boy seeking city lights, and Caldwell in *Home* (top); Hart and Murray making a farce of marriage in *The Purging*.

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power to evoke the invisible from the visible that lay to the hand of his revered Chekhov. *Barbarians* tries to epitomize Russian change around 1900 through the arrival of a railroad in a sleepy town, but it proceeds by thickness, a clutter of characters, rather than by depth or vision. It was directed by David Jones, the head of BAM, whose previous Gorky productions with the Royal Shakespeare Company I've admired. Here Jones seemed hobbled by the caterpillar script and by the quixotic idea of egalitarian repertory casting, spreading the big parts around. The important role of a lady-killing railway engineer was played by Jon Polito, who was inadequate, while Brian Murray, who would have been right for it, etched a small role well.

Rachel Crothers, whose plays about women populated Broadway from 1906 to 1937, is one of those once-celebrated dramatists who, on reexamination, deserve their present oblivion. *He and She* (1911) is about a married couple, sculptors who compete for a big commission. She wins. She then has to try to find a way to save her unsteady marriage. Crothers finds it *for* her, mechanically.

He and She may have seemed daring in 1911, though it's hard to see why. It was 32 years after *A Doll's House* showed a woman refusing suffocation through wifedom, and 21 years after James A. Herne's *Margaret Fleming* did a much inferior job to Ibsen but a much better job than Crothers on the same theme. Today *He and She* is a period piece with a little perfume and a lot of poppycock. Emily Mann directed with enthusiasm, so much of it that she allowed Laurie Kennedy, the wife, some incredibly girlish outbursts. And did Kennedy, as an elegant Edwardian, have to say "beeyoodiful" for "beautiful"? Again the leading male role was miscast: Gerry Bamman is a minor chromatic comedian, not a central actor. But Jerome Dempsey, who was so dopily pleasant in *Johnny on a Spot*, was crustily pleasant as Kennedy's conservative father.

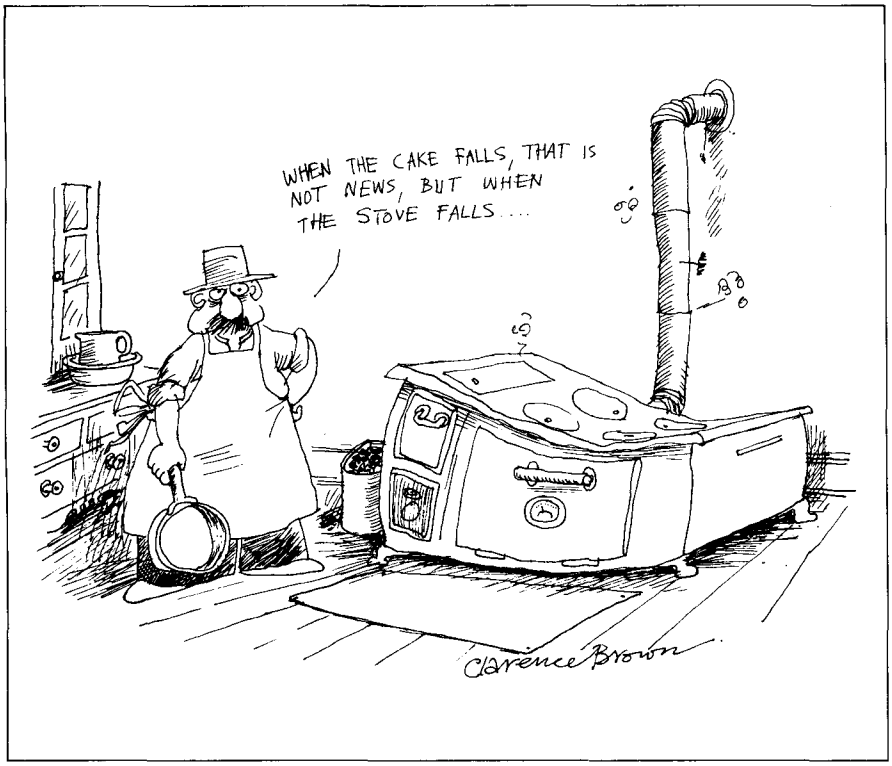
The two farces were performed upstairs in the large Lepercq Space, with two sets of audience bleachers facing a platform stage between them. Andre Ernotte, a Belgian, directed both and succeeded once. The Brecht piece, a youthful one called *The Wedding (Die Kleinburgerhochzeit)*, is about a marriage feast whose pretenses of amiability collapse along with the homemade furniture. It's more satire than farce, it's predictable early, and drags late. The dumpy, laborious tone of the production was exemplified by Christine Estabrook as the bride.

Georges Feydeau's *The Purging (on purge bebe)* is a farce masterpiece and is BAM's best-realized production of the year. Ernotte rose with the lift of this piece and was helped by two fine performances. Brian Murray, whom I'd never seen in farce, was insanely, hilariously intense as the chamber-pot manufacturer frantic for an army contract, and Roxanne Hart, who showed comic mettle in *Johnny on a Spot*, came on marvelously frowsy and blowsy as his fierce wife.

Their performances are clues to the best hopes for BAM. Murray, an established actor, got chances to range, in Shakespeare and Feydeau, that he might not have had otherwise. Hart a young actress, showed territories in herself that might otherwise have lain undiscovered. David Jones might take these achievements—in *acting*—as his guide and goal. His company needs rigorous weeding, some strengthening, less worry about developing "stars," and more concentration on sheer quality of acting as its chief reason for existence. BAM has staked out a very much greater terrain than the Negro Ensemble Company, but the level of its performances, minute by minute, needs to be as high.

Manifesto, aesthetic or otherwise, won't help. Work on the pinnacle of the first half of *The Winter's Tale* (the Sicilia section) and *The Purging* will make BAM an artistic necessity instead of the semicharity case it is at the end of its first season.

Not even charity can excuse Jones's choice of plays so far. Only the Feydeau—I don't except *The Winter's Tale*—fully justified itself. More (differingly) satisfying plays are needed, but that's a need relatively easy to answer. What's harder, and absolutely essential, is a more trim company working more consistently at the pitch of the two high points noted, a company whose justification—it would eliminate the need for justification—is concerted excellence. A big order, but Jones, out of the RSC, must have known that when he started. All of us who care about the survival of the repertory idea will hope for him. ■



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MUSIC

Irving Kolodin

Fischer-Dieskau: Sour Notes

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau has recently concluded an annual visit to America with results that were sometimes lower than his usual high standard. Is the great German baritone's star fading?

The mere suggestion of a decline from a fixed position he once held—and by which many other male singers have set their course—is akin to alerting navigators to look for a change in the North Star.

From the outset of his career in Salzburg in 1951 when he was 26 years old, what Fischer-Dieskau had to work with was never a superb vocal instrument. It was, as baritone voices go, short (lacking a free-ranging top) and not of outstanding strength. But he was blessed with a rare intellect and instinct for personal projection.

Now, then, which is going: the voice that he has worked so hard to develop, or the judgment that has so long produced such artistic results?

In the first of five programs during the month of May, Fischer-Dieskau was heard with Zubin Mehta and the New York Philharmonic in six songs from Gustav Mahler's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, for which the baritone has long been famous. But the promised Goethe *lieder* of Ferruccio Busoni were deleted. That is unfortunate, because these songs contain a seldom-heard setting of "The Song of the Flea" (from *Faust*), the Beethoven version of which Fischer-Dieskau does memorably.

To begin his Carnegie Hall appearances, Fischer-Dieskau made good a promise that dates back to 1971, to perform with the superb flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal. The audacious program included works by Handel, Telemann, Bach, and Rameau. What other baritone would even dare to sing music so full of baroque trills?

A few days later, Fischer-Dieskau was back in Carnegie Hall, this time with the Detroit Symphony under the direction of Antal Dorati in Brahms's *Ein deutsches Requiem*. I have always found his voice inadequate in weight and substance for "Herr, lehre doch mich, dass ein Ende" or "Denn wir haben hie keine bleibende Statt." All the artistry with which these arias were delivered did not atone. Indeed, Fischer-Dieskau's increasing tendency to darken the sound and produce greater volume lessened rather than increased the desired Brahmsian effect.

"Which is going: his voice or his artistic judgment?"

Not many days later, Fischer-Dieskau shared a program of songs by Schumann with pianist Jorg Demus (a specialist, in his own right, in the music of this composer). It began promisingly enough with a fine performance of "Widmung" ("Dedication"). Then it digressed into 19 of the master's less-frequently heard songs.

The innovative choice of program is to Fischer-Dieskau's credit. But one must question whether his voice is now capable of performing such material. In one of the rarely heard songs, "Flugel! Flugel!," while his middle range was quite responsive, the bottom had a rather weary sound and the top was strained. Also in "Soldat," another strong song, a voice formerly utilized with great discrimination was called upon to provide more than it could.

In the early years of his career, Fischer-Dieskau was extolled by his peerless pianist-collaborator, Gerald Moore (who is now retired), as one of the most intelligent artists with whom he had ever performed. In describing the baritone's work, Moore wrote: "His library of books on the subject is vast. Do you wish to compare a Schlusnus with a Slezak performance of a Wolf song? The records are found in a moment—for they are all carefully indexed, and each has a particular niche on his capacious shelf."

One wonders, does he listen to playbacks of his own singing these days (especially "live performances") as critically as he does to those of others? Does he keep in touch with the 1980 sound of his voice in the concert hall? Or is it the sound of the audience's applause that satisfies him? If so, he is not the Fischer-Dieskau whose voice *and* mind took him to artistic heights.

In all musical epochs, performers can usually be divided into three categories: specialists, celebrities, and stars.

Specialists are men or women who choose a certain era of music and make it the artistic world in which they live.

Celebrities, in my terminology, are persons who become celebrated for doing a particular kind of music extremely well and thus join the greats of prior generations. Unquestionably the greatest lieder singer of his generation, Fischer-Dieskau follows in the footsteps of Gerhard Husch of yesterday, and Heinrich Schlusnus of an earlier time.

Stars are those who reach a point so remote from earthly reality that they are convinced they can do anything and, by the power of their public attraction, need only to be asked.

The voice one hears in a recent recording of Fischer-Dieskau singing Wagner (Angel) remotely resembles Fischer-Dieskau at his best. It sounds all too much like an aging celebrity indulging in a star's privilege. ■

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TELEVISION

Peter Andrews

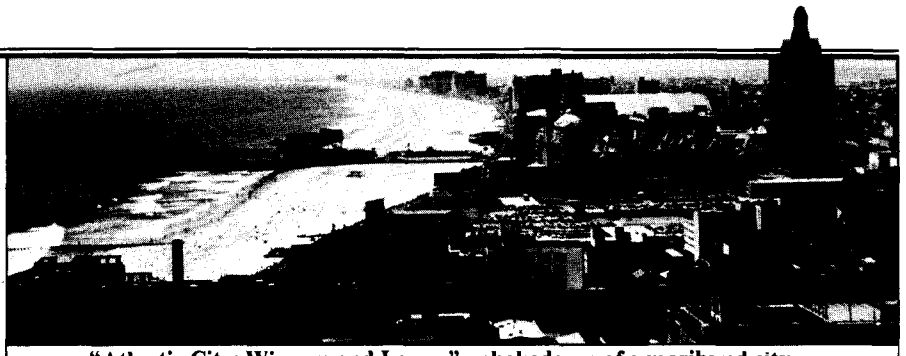
A PBS Triumph

A quiet but potentially extremely important revolution in the production of television documentaries is brewing at the Public Broadcasting System. *U.S. Chronicle*, a 13-week series of half-hour public-affairs programming developed by a consortium of PBS stations, begins July 11. (Check date and time in local listings.) Working with pinch-penny budgets, each participating station has contributed its own program.

"This is a bench mark for public broadcasting," explained Lawrence K. Pomeroy, executive producer for the series. "Five years ago, PBS could not have put together an operation of this size. Now we have an entire national network of stations, each one capable of producing a local story with national impact. The potential is enormous."

Indeed it is. And what has been accomplished already is surpassingly fine. While each station has developed its own program, there is a trim and hungry look to all of them. Whether the story is the account of a single Love Canal family trying to find out why their seven-year-old son died or an investigation into the problems of housing for the elderly in Syracuse, New York, crews are sent out to watch the participants and let them speak for themselves. Then the film is put together with a deft and generally understated narrative. If all this sounds simple, it is. It is also the kind of storytelling that too often gets buried in the whiz-bang, overproduced commercial documentaries.

U.S. Chronicle makes superb use of the intimacy and the immediacy of the medium. One program, WNJT's "Atlantic City: Winners and Losers," examines the hopes for and the reality of casino gambling in Atlantic City. It is filled with marvelous vignettes, like the one of the man who can hardly wait for



"Atlantic City: Winners and Losers"—shakedown of a moribund city.

the city to become another Las Vegas because "there is nothing but beauty in Las Vegas." Without offering any judgments, the program presents citizens, gamblers, and even town officials scavenging the carcass of a moribund city to see what they can shake out of it.

"Passing Judgement" gives us Judge Christ T. Seraphim of Milwaukee, a tough judge in a tough town. Once upon a time, the judge was a card-carrying liberal; he made his first political mark in Wisconsin by standing up to Joe McCarthy. These days, he likes his defendants tied to a chair, and is sweating out a recommendation that he be taken off the bench. A hanging judge is one of the easiest targets going, but station WHA doesn't take the easy way. It lets the judge speak for himself. A local boy who has lived almost all of his life within 18 blocks of the court house, Seraphim remembers when he and his family were hungry but they never had to lock the screen door. He is as much a scarred victim of the street as the people who come before him.

U.S. Chronicle has demonstrated a capacity for being the finest documentary series on television. I am not a believer in the credo of austerity for the sake of austerity. But the very leanness of the PBS budget seems to give the series a clear advantage over its heavily funded commercial counterparts.

PBS has no "star reporters," so the programs do not fall into the trap of believing that the reporter is more important than the story. We get no Barbara Walters dispensing the important events of the day in the manner of a hostess handing out party favors.

U.S. Chronicle also gives the generally excellent *60 Minutes* a much needed lesson in professionalism. It does not devote reels of film to orgies of self-congratulation, telling us how difficult it was to report the story and how grateful we should be to the reporters for making the effort. Instead, series moderator Jim Lehrer comes on with a brief introduction and then gets out of the way and allows the tale to develop.

Most important, perhaps, is the attitude of the producers of *U.S. Chronicle* toward its audience. Curiously, the commercial network documentary is usually much more assiduous in adhering to a party line. Often, network documentaries are so loaded that the viewer is all but given a set of written instructions on how to think about the story. The programs I have seen thus far, however, have scrupulously avoided putting on the mantle of omniscience that Mike Wallace and Morley Safer seem to wear with such ease. *U.S. Chronicle* is content to give us the sights and sounds of the story and then assumes we are intelligent enough to think about the matter ourselves.

May we all stand please, for a long round of unamplified applause. ■

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DANCE

Walter Terry

Two Empty Extravaganzas

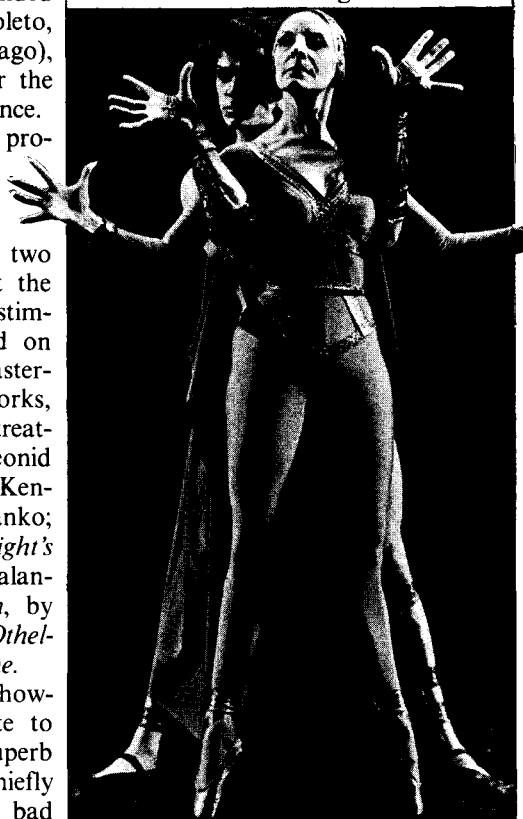
"There is less to this than meets the eye," snorted Tallulah Bankhead. The late Broadway and movie star, to whom this caustic comment is attributed, was referring to a super-lavish production of an otherwise empty theatrical presentation. The same critical arrow might well be leveled at both this summer's Dance Gala for the Spoleto Festival U.S.A. 1980, held in Charleston, South Carolina, and at the American Ballet Theatre's half-million-dollar production of the century-old Russian ballet classic, *La Bayadere.*

Each year the Spoleto Festival U.S.A., one-half of the Festival of Two Worlds (the other half of it was founded by Gian Carlo Menotti in Spoleto, Italy, more than two decades ago), offers a Dance Gala. This year the theme was Shakespeare in the Dance.

The idea of focusing an entire program on dances and ballets inspired by Shakespeare's dramatic and poetic genius is an enchanting one. For more than two centuries, the plays, or at least the characters, of Shakespeare have stimulated choreographers to build on the art of Shakespeare. Ballet masterpieces have been born of such works, among them full-length ballet treatments of *Romeo and Juliet* by Leonid Lavrovsky, Sir Frederick Ashton, Kenneth MacMillan, and John Cranko; ballets on *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (in two acts by George Balanchine and in one, *The Dream*, by Ashton); and, in modern dance, *Othello*, as Jose Limon's *Moor's Pavane.*

Spoleto Festival U.S.A. 1980, however, failed badly in its tribute to Shakespeare. In spite of some superb performances, the gala was chiefly snippets, and some very, very bad snippets. The worst offense was committed by little Deirdre Carberry, a promising 15-year-old. She was placed in the midst of an adult company that far outclassed her, and her selections included a distorted version of a solo from Lavrovsky's *Romeo and Juliet*, performed to a scratchy tape that would set a dog howling, and a pas de deux (in which she was well and bravely partnered by David Loring) of uncertain choreographic ancestry.

Merrill Ashley, one of the New York City Ballet's most exciting dancers, was nicely assisted by Sean Lavery in a pas de deux from the concluding divertissements of Balanchine's *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* But this section is a celebration of a wedding; taken out of context it has nothing to do with Shakespeare. Why not one of the scenes with Titania, Oberon, and Puck from Balanchine's lovely ballet? Oberon did appear in another excerpt, in which Anthony Dowell, by the sheer magnetism and sensitivity of his own performing, managed to capture the essence of the petulant, crafty, and ever so captivating Oberon in a pas de deux with Titania (nicely danced by Denise Jackson) in Ashton's *The Dream.*



Jorge Esquivel and Alicia Alonso—Unabashedly melodramatic.

WILLIAM STRUHS

Public and critical interest centered on the late Limon's *Moor's Pavane*, one of the few productions done in its entirety, for the most recent stellar defector from the Soviet ballet world, Alexander Godunov, was making his first appearance in a work by a modern-dance choreographer. His dancing of the challenging Othello part, with three members of the Limon company, was quite good. Though his arms and hands tended to be balletic, so that he appeared to slap the perfidious Iago rather than smite him, and though the balletic lightness of his walk did not conform to the more solid step desirable in certain areas of modern dance, he acted the role splendidly, giving power to his portrayal of the tormented hero.

Modern dance was also represented in a duet based on *Romeo and Juliet* by the late Joyce Trisler. This distillation of the great drama was well performed by Nancy Long and William Soleau, but it seemed top heavy, or simply heavy, in a program that barely gave us a complete segment of Shakespearean drama in dance form.

The hit of the Dance Gala was the world premiere of a new pas de deux, *The Bloody Crown*, choreographed by Ivan Tenorio on the Macbeth theme for Alicia Alonso as Lady Macbeth and Jorge Esquivel as Macbeth. It was unabashedly melodramatic, but then, *Macbeth* itself is not exactly tame, and

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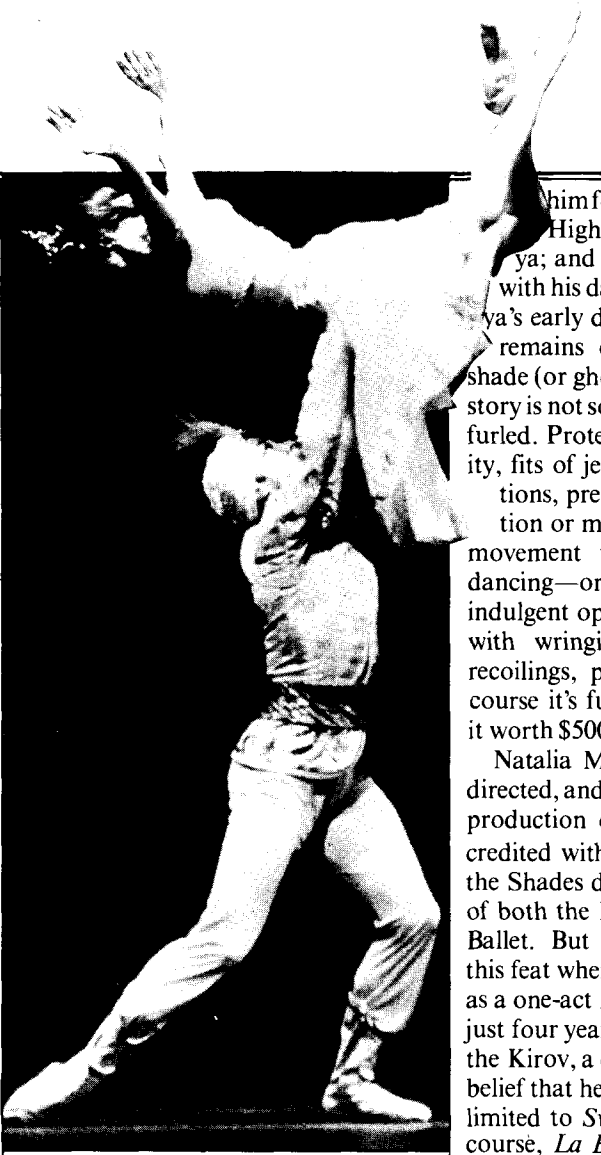
Alonso danced and mimed it superbly, using her long, flashing legs like rapiers and presenting her bloodied hands in terror before the fates who would call her doom. Esquivel may not have resembled Macbeth but he provided the cheering viewers with Bolshoi Ballet-like excursions into Cuban-style macho virtuosity.

This Dance Gala, with the exceptions noted, however, was not truly a gala at all, and certainly Shakespeare, also with the noted exceptions, was poorly treated. Menotti, who has delegated the production of the gala to others, was upset as were many knowledgeable balletgoers. No one individual was to blame; it was a matter of "too many cooks," with one person suggesting a theme, another researching repertory, still another engaging the artists and no dance coordinator to oversee the operation. In the past at Spoleto U.S.A., Joseph Wishy produced the notable dance galas, and a single producer is what this year's gala needed.

Still and all, the theme of Shakespeare in the Dance was an excellent one. If the lack of a dance producer made it impossible to abide by Shakespeare's own demand "to foot it featly," there were, as I have noted, some memorable moments of Shakespearean magic and majesty.

Bayadere, with lavish scenery by Pier Luigi Samaritani and opulent costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, is gorgeous. It is probably the most sumptuous ballet production ever mounted in America, putting to shame even the version presently on view at the Kirov Theater in Leningrad, where this pseudo-Oriental melodrama was born under the egis of the Russian Imperial Ballet in 1877. The ABT's *Bayadere* is unquestionably worthy of grand opera at its grandest. Unfortunately, the libretto and the acting out of the plot are on a par with grand opera at its most ridiculous, with no coloratura sopranos and no stentorian tenors on hand to provide climaxes for the dramaturgical bombast.

This old ballet does contain the equivalent of arias in several of its variations, solos, pas de deux, and the like. The second act of the ABT production (originally Act IV), commonly referred to as the Kingdom of the Shades, is the only one in which the viewer is blessed with almost total dancing. This act gives us the choreographic genius of Marius Petipa at its most awesome. But it is already in the repertory of the American Ballet Theatre, as it is in Britain's Royal Ballet and in other ballet troupes, as an independent, non-narrative divertissement. So why revive, at tremendous expense, the very kind of ballet that Mikhail Fokine, Russian ballet's great reformer, found hopelessly outmoded at the start of this century? Because any ballet company that hopes to play a successful season in the vast Met must concentrate on spectacle if it is to sell enough tickets.



JACK VARTOOGIAN

Anthony Dowell and Natalia Makarova —Less than meets the eye.

The plot of *La Bayadere* revolves around Nikiya, a temple dancer (the Bayadere of the title); Solor, a warrior, who plights everlasting troth to her; Gamsatti, a rajah's daughter who makes him forget his vow to Nikiya; the High Brahmin, who loves Nikiya; and the Rajah, who, in league with his daughter, arranges for Nikiya's early death (Act I), although she remains exceptionally active as a shade (or ghost) in Acts II and III. The story is not so much unfolded as it is unfurled. Protestations of love and fidelity, fits of jealousy, violent confrontations, preparations for either seduction or murder are not conveyed in movement that we would consider dancing—or acting. As in the most self-indulgent opera, the performers emote with wringing hands, glaring eyes, recoilings, pleadings, and lunges. Of course it's fun as well as funny, but is it worth $500,000 or more?

Natalia Makarova, who conceived, directed, and partly choreographed this production of *La Bayadere*, must be credited with making the Kingdom of the Shades dancers outshine the corps of both the Kirov and Britain's Royal Ballet. But Makarova accomplished this feat when she first staged this scene as a one-act *Bayadere* for ABT in 1974, just four years after her defection from the Kirov, a departure triggered by her belief that her career at home would be limited to *Swan Lake*, *Giselle*, and, of course, *La Bayadere* and other ballets from the distant dance past.

This new production of the old ballet, with its "oompah" yet tuneful music of Ludwig Minkus, quite frankly would not be tolerable (the Shades scene excepted) without the magnificent settings that include a temple exterior with a sacred fire, a palace room of great richness, a glorious garden, an enchanted setting for the hallucination scene, and the splendid interior of a temple, which the angry gods destroy (with a rain of boulders), all before our very eyes.

But can opulence justify dramatic emptiness, romantic cliches, limited areas of choreographic substance? Although such productions may fill the Met and other huge opera houses with fans, an artistic sin is committed if the cost precludes the discovery and nurturing of new choreographic talent here in America, essential rehearsal time for dance masterworks already in ABT's repertory, or the staging of inventive, intellectually challenging dances. ■

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Owen Edwards

Moholy-Nagy's Brilliance

In the 15 years between 1925 and 1940, a time crucial to the shaping of modern photography, approaches to the art in the United States and in Europe were as radically different as American and French cooking, or German and American politics. Reacting to the manipulative excesses of the soft-focus romantic pictorialists, who dominated American photography in the early part of this century, American photographers began to concentrate on extreme sharp focus shots, large-format nature studies, or carefully contrived documentary pictures of the plight of the common man and the nastiness of the rich. Fidelity to reality, arch simplicity, formality, and a kind of homespun purity marked the mainstream of photography in the United States during this time. Meanwhile, in Europe, where the interconnection of the arts was closer and the exchange of ideas faster and freer, nothing less than a photographic revolution was taking place. While Americans made perfect pictures of seashells and rhapsodized over sharecroppers, the Europeans were reinventing the camera eye.

No one better typifies that revolution than Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, a Hungarian-born painter, writer, filmmaker, lighting designer, cofounder (with Walter Gropius) of the Institute of Design in Chicago, and self-declared amateur photographer. As a major exhibition, to open at the Prakapas Gallery in October, and a monograph, to be published in the early fall by Pantheon, eloquently attest, Moholy-Nagy (rhymes with collage) was one of those rare and precious creatures, a formidable and influential theorist who managed to produce work filled with wit, surprise, and apparent spontaneity.

Moholy was born in southern Hungary, in 1895, and studied law as a young man. While recuperating from a serious war wound in 1917, he passed his time drawing and painting watercolors. By 1920, he had given up law and embarked on a career as an artist, moved to Berlin, and become involved with such Dadaists as Arp, Hausmann, and Hoch.

"Portrait of Lucia Moholy," ca. 1926.

In manifestos with heady titles like "Dynamic-Constructive Systems of Forces," in exhibitions, in congresses of like-minded (and not so like-minded) artists, the Dadaists were busily loosening the traditional constraints of art and sabotaging the boundaries that kept one form distinct from another.

When his interest turned to photography, Moholy dealt with the medium as if it were merely another form of painting or sculpture or architecture, one in which the plastic element was light rather than color, mass, or space. Ultimately he would call himself a *Lichtner*, or "manipulator of light"; his idea was that photography represented a new form of painting in which light, not paint, was the material to be worked by the artist.

Ironically, this definition of photography as a type of painting, with such an elusive and vexing substance as light cast in the malleable role of pigment, set Moholy free from the slavish imitation of painting that had proved the undoing of generations of photographers. From the first, his pictures were singular—fast and phenomenological entrapments of the world of appearances, impossible even to be imagined without the existence of the camera—and derived little from paintings. To some extent Moholy's work does show influences of the Dadaist approach to collages, especially in his early photograms, which he made by placing objects directly on photosensitive paper and exposing the constructions to light long enough to get an imprint. But more important than any direct resemblance was the theoretical revelation that the camera, particularly the new miniature Leica, could be used to present rectangles of the world as existential collages.

With a brilliant *coup de main*, Moholy relieved himself from the often paralyzing worry about whether photography was an art or not. Given its own medium—light—to be systematically studied and exploited, and its own unique plastic problems to be solved, it could be nothing more or less than an art. For Moholy, of course, this definition did not elevate or purify photography, but rather brought it down to the earthy plane of men and women with good eyes, adroit minds, and an abiding sense of craft.

By the mid-Twenties, Moholy was moving beyond the carefully controlled technique of photograms and into the unposable world at large. He found a way to make a graphic advantage of photography's two-dimensional limita-

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tions by shooting downward so that depth was eliminated, and, visually, at least, life took on a new kind of sense. (This stylistic viewpoint was perfected and is still pursued by Moholy's fellow Hungarian, Andre Kertesz.) In order to break pictures into discrete, equivalent elements, Moholy was one of the first photographers to make intentionally "bad" pictures, like a 1930 dockside view done in Scandinavia in which a ship's funnel obliterates the center two-thirds of the scene and decisively divides it into two tableaus.

Moholy used focus, or the lack of it, to force the viewer to concentrate on things that would seem unimportant in everyday sight (as in a picture of his wife on a beach, in which he focused on the pebbles instead of the face. He undercut the cliché of the reclining nude by taking the picture at a crazy angle, then took the process a step further by printing the picture in negative. He allowed faces to be obscured by deep shadow, let subjects drift willy-nilly toward the edge of his frame, shot in such harsh sunlight that parts of photographs seem burned to white ash, cut off heads, cast the specter of his own shadow into pictures. In short, as a painter with light he ignored all the cherished shibboleths of photography.

A year after designing light decorations for the 1936 film, *The Shape of Things to Come*, Moholy followed his friend Gropius to Chicago, where the Institute of Design—a transplanted Bauhaus—eventually took shape. In 1946, at the age of 51, he died in Chicago of leukemia.

Moholy-Nagy never called himself a photographer, and perhaps because of this he proved to be one of the most remarkable photographers this century has seen. Too much reverence and serious intent can stultify talent, but Moholy had the good luck, or good sense, to maintain his amateur status and achieve his beguiling results in the clever disguise of a painter. He might have said: "Yes, photography *is* an art. But so what?" And then gone off with his camera to solve a few plastic problems, and have a bit of fun. ■

"Bexhill on Sea," 1936 (top).
"Marseille," 1929 (bottom).

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LANGUAGE

Thomas H. Middleton

"Charley Horse"

I might be going out on a limb here, but I believe that *Random House, Webster's Second, American Heritage, Webster's New World,* and probably several other dictionaries of the English language agree on the definition of one particular term and that they are all mistaken.

My disagreement with them began about a year ago when I got a letter from Timothy King, of Washington, D.C. Here, in part, is the letter:

> In a discussion about the origin of "charley horse" (stiffness in a leg or arm muscle resulting from a strain or blow), I maintained that the original expression must have been something quite different, certainly having nothing to do with a horse named Charley. None of the dictionaries at hand provided any help. *Webster's International, Second Edition*, made no attempt to explain the origin and merely offered "Colloq. U.S."
>
> . . .But folk etymology will out, even among lexicographers, who should know better. I was amused to discover that two more up-to-date authorities, *Webster's Third International* and the *American Heritage*, have added the explanation that Charley was a typical name for a lame horse. I wasn't buying this, mainly because I had a vague recollection of having seen the expression written many years ago as "cholly hoss." This led me to check the *Oxford* for words beginning with chol-, and I found "Choliamb . . . An irregular iambic verse used in satire, the sixth or last foot being a trochee instead of an iambus: a scazon or limping verse. From L. choliambus, f. Gr. choliambos, f. cholos, lame + iambos."

I admire Mr. King's scholarly approach, but I think he has missed a couple of important points. *Webster's I* and *II, Random House, Webster's New World,* and *American Heritage* agree that a charley horse is stiffness in a leg or arm muscle resulting from a strain or blow, and here is where I maintain that they are wrong. A charley horse is a muscular pain in the leg—specifically in the thigh. A muscular pain in the arm is called a sore arm. A pain in the calf or hamstring is a cramp. If you've ever been crippled by a real charley horse you know just what it is and where it is. I've had several, and I recall the most recent vividly, though it hit me in 1962.

I was playing center field in a softball game in Key West. A short fly ball was hit over second base. I ran in for it, and just as I caught the ball, my left foot sank unexpectedly into an unseen pothole in the field. An excruciating pain seized my left thigh, I collapsed in agony, and the runner on third base scored standing up. I felt as though I'd been kicked in the thigh by a horse. I've always assumed that that was basically why a charley horse was called a charley horse. It makes you feel as though a horse has kicked you.

"I felt as though I'd been kicked in the thigh by a horse."

Mr. King's choliamb or limping verse is one of those wonderful etymological coincidences, but it surely has no connection to charley horse. It's a cinch that whoever coined the term charley horse had never heard of a choliamb, and the odds are at least 100 to 1 that his knowledge of poetry began and ended with a few off-color limericks with faulty meters.

I'm pretty sure *charley horse* hasn't traveled overseas. When I couldn't find it listed in the *OED*, I called the British consulate and asked a lady named Edwina if she'd ever heard of a charley horse in England. She said she hadn't, and told me she'd been games captain as a schoolgirl. The English undoubtedly get charley horses as often as we do; they just don't know what they are.

H.L. Mencken, not surprisingly, has a few words on charley horse in *The American Language: Supplement II.* He cites a ballplayer named Bill Clarke, who played for Baltimore in the 1890s. Clarke's theory was that the term "came from the name of Charley Esper, a left-handed pitcher, who walked like a lame horse."

If you have trouble buying that, try this etymology: "Billy Earle, an oldtime catcher in the western league. . . said [the term] was suggested by a horse worked by one Charley, groundkeeper at Sioux City." My own theory, that it's called a charley horse because it *feels* like a charley horse, is as good as that one.

Mencken then quotes an article in the November 30, 1946, *Journal of the American Medical Association*, describing a charley horse as "injury to a muscle, usually the *quadriceps femoris.*" If they'll just recant that "usually" and make it "injury to the *quadriceps femoris*," I'll go along with them. It was that quadriceps femoris that let the run score in Key West.

During the past year, I've conducted an informal poll of family, friends, and strangers, and every single person I polled has said a charley horse is always in the leg. Two women said they'd had them in the calf, but their husbands quite rightly corrected them, saying that those were muscle cramps, not charley horses. Charley horses are always in the thigh.

One thing is certain: Charley horses can have nothing whatever to do with sore arms.

Horses don't even *have* arms. ■

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Tools for Living is an attempt to cut through the proliferation of products and bring unusually worthy values to your attention. Our items are not selected by an organized process. We've simply asked some friends to scout their areas of the country for well-designed items of honest usefulness that do what they say they will do—and at reasonable cost. We offer a mail-order service because many people find it easier to shop that way. Some of these items can be found in local stores. Wherever you buy, we trust you will find the information here helpful. If you want to recommend a product based on your experience with it, write us at the address below.

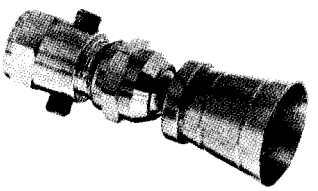
PRESSING NEWS

If you use garlic, there is no tool like a garlic press. A press releases the full flavor of the garlic in a way that chopping or slicing never does. Yet—and here's the rub—most garlic presses on the market are slipshod affairs. Either they do not crush the garlic clove completely, or else they spew out coarse garlic bits in every direction. So who has the better garlic press? The Swiss—no surprise since they are noted for precision engineering. This smartly designed press uses a hinged shoe to translate the pressure of your grip directly onto the garlic. Presto, the garlic is minced. The press is a little over 6″ long, made of a durable lightweight alloy that will hold up for years. The garlic press is one of those simple kitchen tools where having the best pays in both performance and convenience—and the best costs only $11.50 postpaid.

(SRA177)

Astronomical facts. The interior temperature of the sun is about 35,000,000° F.

SAVINGS IN THE SHOWER



Most people don't think about the energy crisis in the shower, but the fact is that heating water is the second largest category of home energy use. One alternative is to take cold showers. A less Spartan solution is to install a ShowerSaver conservation showerhead. This showerhead reduces waterflow from the average of 6 or 8 gpm (gallons per minute) to about 2 gpm. Less water used, of course, means less *hot* water used. The U.S. Department of Energy calculates that this degree of shower reduction will save the average family of four (each taking a ten minute shower a day) up to $300 a year for electrically heated water or up to $160 a year for gas heated water. Not long ago, Hamilton Township, N.J., passed out 30,000 of these showerheads free to residents in an effort to cut down water use and sewage load. The result was dramatic: a 25% overall reduction in residential water use. When we at *Tools for Living* heard about the Hamilton Township experience, we thought many more people would want to know about the ShowerSaver—especially people in the South and West concerned about water usage, and people in the North and East concerned about energy usage. We can send you the ShowerSaver (which installs simply, just like an ordinary showerhead) in the deluxe model for $17.95 postpaid (SRA76/1). This deluxe model has a push-button valve for turning off the spray temporarily (while you are soaping, for instance) without losing the hot/cold mix. It's made of chrome-plated solid brass with no plastic parts to break or wear out. The manufacturer offers a money back guarantee.

GOOSENECK ON A CLIP

Putting light just where you want it can be a problem. The solution is this good-looking gooseneck light mounted on a strong spring clip. These lights are ideal for reading in bed or brightening out-of-the-way places like stairs, desk corners, countertop work spaces, pictures, plants and so on. The gooseneck swivels the light precisely where you want it. No more convolutions—you twist the lamp's neck rather than

your own. The clip light has a crisp contemporary look and comes in white (SRA153), brown (SRA154), black (SRA155) or yellow (SRA156). We can supply the clip lights for $16.50 apiece postpaid. The bulb is on you.

TEA TIMES THREE

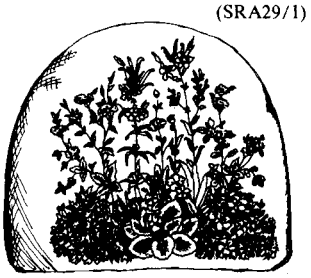
A teapot may look like a simple instrument, but don't be fooled. Extraordinary subtleties of design are required to make an ideal teapot. For example, the shape needs to be rounded with just the right degree of squatness, so that the tea swirls gently after the water is poured in, assuring a perfectly balanced infusion. Then you need those important little touches such as a built-in strainer at the spout to hold back the swollen leaves when the tea is poured, and a careful lip at the end of the spout to eliminate drips. But the critical choice is material: what do you use to make the teapot? You use a special red clay that is available only in one small district in England. This clay is legendary for its abilities to hold the heat in the teapot and to coddle the brew—attributes that make a truly classic teapot. All these qualities and more can be found in the Brown Betty redware teapot, imported from England where it has been recognized as the premier "branded" teapot for over 100 years. No pot brews better tea. A 6-cup Brown Betty straight from England and manufactured from that special red clay costs $14.95 postpaid. (SRA178)

To get your tea-making off on the right foot, we have found a supply of superb Ceylon tea at an excellent price. One pound, packed in an intriguing wooden crate, costs only $9.95 postpaid. That is the price you would expect to pay for only one-half pound box or tin of Ceylon breakfast tea.

(SRA182)

If you want to establish your own credentials as a true *aficionado*—then you will want to complete your tea service with an Irish tea cosy. A tea cosy is a quilted cloth insulator that keeps your second and third helpings of tea hot in the pot. Add the cosy's insulation to the Brown Betty's own heat retentive clay and you can keep your tea piping hot for up to an unbelievable *two hours!* If you drink or serve tea with any regularity, the tea cosy will win your admiration and delight. Made of cotton and Irish linen, this beautifully decorated tea cosy costs $14.95 postpaid. It provides the perfect way to finish your ultimate pot of tea.

(SRA29/1)



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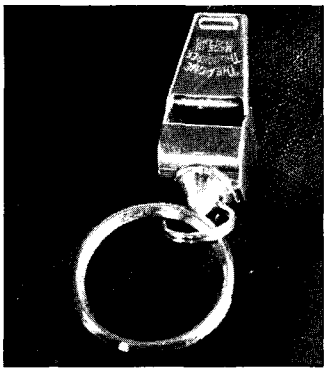
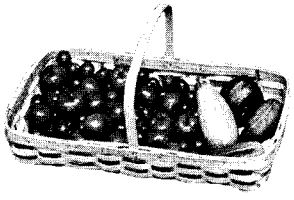
WHISTLE BLOWING



The human whistle no longer suffices to penetrate the din of modern existence. For help in this limiting circumstance, you can turn to the Thunderer whistle, a polished brass beauty made in England. Its shrill call restores your ability to reach the kids down the block or to hail cabbies. Not to mention that whistle blowing is satisfying activity. If you don't believe it, go someplace where you are alone and blow as hard as you can until you're out of breath. It's cheap therapy. The Thunderer comes on a matching brass keyring for $4.95 postpaid. (SRA22/4)

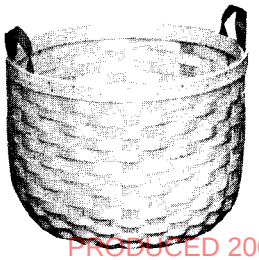
A BASKET IN EVERY HOME

That would be our campaign slogan: instead of a chicken in every pot, a basket in every home—or maybe in every room. Baskets are simply the most sensible, attractive, and versatile storage spaces you can have. Recently we found a line of baskets that will delight any basket-lover. These are hand-woven ash-splint baskets with oak-splint bindings. Ash is the top-of-the-line basket material—it is pliable and does not splinter. These are as durable as baskets can be: New England museums are full of similar baskets 100 or more years old. Made in Vermont, the baskets are unfinished natural wood that mellows nicely with age (or you can stain, lacquer or paint them). We like these baskets so much and found so many uses for them it was hard to choose which in the line to offer here. We settled on the



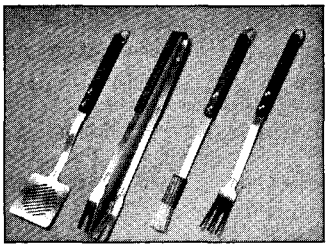
versatile utility basket that is 4″ deep, 13″ wide by 25″ long. Outside, the basket is perfect for gardening chores, berry-picking or carrying cut flowers. Inside, it is ideal for collecting magazines, mail, tools or other odds and ends. The utility basket will last and last and costs only $16.95 postpaid (SRA179). As a bonus we cannot resist mentioning two other marvelous baskets. First a shopping basket—9″ deep, 10″ wide, 16″ long with two fold-down handles. This basket is perfect for toting small loads or for any number of around-the-house storage duties. Or throw a

towel over it and you have a classic picnic basket. The shopping basket costs $14.50 postpaid (SRA180). Second, a glorious round bushel basket—19″ diameter by 17″ deep with leather handles. This is one of the most strikingly handsome baskets we've ever seen. It is beautifully made, with a solid bottom for extra sturdiness. Outdoors you can haul leaves or apples or kindling wood; indoors you can fill it with laundry or magazines or fireplace wood. However you use it, we are sure you will be enthusiastic about its many fine qualities. The bushel basket costs $39.50 postpaid—and is well worth the price (SRA181). It even has that authentic wood basket smell you may remember from your grandparents' house 25 or more years ago.



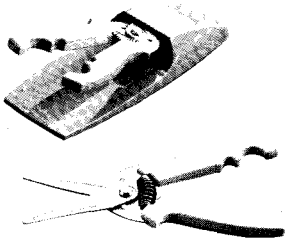
TEXAS-SIZE COOKING TOOLS

If you cook outdoors, you will instantly appreciate the quality of these barbeque tools. Most outdoor cooking tools are made of aluminum or light steel that bends, rusts or breaks in a season of use. Or else you put the fork down carelessly and realize too late that the plastic handle has melted. These tools, however, will really take the heat. They are



made of heavy-duty brushed stainless steel, riveted construction, with oak handles. These are real Texas-scale cooking implements—nearly 18″ long, 8″ hand grips, with real heft to them. They will probably last longer than your barbeque grill. They also work fine indoors, too. Each tool has intelligent design features, such as the slotted grid in the spatula/server and the thoughtful angle in the baster that allows you to put it down without smearing the brush on the counter. Order the tools separately or together, all prices postpaid: Fork $8.95 (SRA172); Tongs $14.95 (SRA173); Spatula $8.95 (SRA174); Baster $8.95 (SRA175); Set of 4 $37.95 (SRA176).

SHEAR DELIGHT



Every so often we feature a product in *Tools for Living* that exceeds everyone's expectations. Readers are delighted to tell us that the product is better than we said. Friends stop us on the street and say, "Hey, that such-and-such was a real winner." We hurry to order more. Such has been the case with the Tullen Kitchen Shears, which are made in New Zealand (where they won a pocketful of design awards). The shears are spring-loaded, heavy-duty, rust-resistant, easy to use and do everything you would expect of good utility kitchen shears. But the real joy is the wall pocket mount that the shears slip into or out of as required. No more fumbling in drawers or searching through cabinets when you need snippers or scissors. These shears have their own home right on the wall in easy reach. The convenience of this feature prompts us to offer them to you again. They are still available for $14.50 postpaid. (SRA83/1)

Shagging flies. In 1931 a baseball player named Joe Sprinz caught a baseball dropped 800′ from a blimp above him. He broke his jaw doing it.

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pb. .....Paperback
qp. .....Quality Paperback
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DIVERSIONS

SR Competition No. 10

A conceptual artist of our acquaintance has recently been called in for a tax audit. The problem was his enormous deduction for business-related travel, which occupied many months and followed what must appear to the eyes of an accountant an inexcusable erratic course. The telephone bills alone, to say nothing of the bus tickets, were preposterous.

Our friend's explanation was to him (and us) clarity itself: Starting around Puget Sound and ending on the coast of Maine, he had traced a path by periodically calling in his location to an answering service that logged his coordinates, temporal and spatial. A line drawn through these points on the face of the United States would read: NO TAX ON ART! The case is still undecided but it has occurred to us that readers might wish to imagine outlandish deductions of their own, and provide outlandish justifications. The three most outlandish will receive awards of $25. Requests for cash payment will be firmly rejected.

Entries for Competition No. 10 must be received by August 4, and the winners will be announced in the October issue. Please send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 10, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10104. All entries become the property of *SR*.

Winners of No. 7

We confess to having thought this one a tad difficult (March 29), but we learned once again what we should have known by now—that *SR* readers *like* challenges. The problem was to rewrite Kafka's parable of the leopards in the style of some famous writer or public figure. Here, first, is the parable:

Leopards break into the temple and drink to the dregs what is in the sacrificial pitchers; this is repeated over and over again; finally it can be calculated in advance, and it becomes a part of the ceremony.

First prize to James T. Russell, Jr., of Birmingham, Alabama, for a James parody that might have won on the strength of its last sentence alone.

It was the, for him, rich ripe realizing of a not altogether analyzable goal. As he peeped from behind a corroded pillar, Feppington saw them clearly—three great maculate phantoms of fur shimmering in the moonlight. His guide Amjar told him that the leopards stole into the temple only one night a year, then vanished as inexplicably as they had come. "And shall I, Amjar," he had palpitatingly panted, as their caravan wound deeper into the jungle, "be the first and, dare I hope, only white man to behold this phenomenon of feline fidelity?" Amjar had hesitated; then his gnome-like countenance had split in a many-toothed grin. "Oh," he had laughed, "you ever so indubitably *shall*, Sahib!"

Two of the three intruders had now departed, and the third was lifting its dripping jaws from an empty ewer. Feppington, in his eagerness for a last—for what, indeed, proved plangently *the* last—glimpse, craned closer and precipitated a tiny avalanche of pebbles. Instantly the great head swung round to face him. Too late he perceived in those phosphorescent eyes the mirrored reflection of his own folly. He had profaned not an alien faith but his own, by deeming this brute a messenger of the gods, a celebrant of sacred mysteries, instead of the huge snarling thirst-quenched but hungry beast which—the terrifying truth pierced Feppington's brain—it all too onrushingly and omnivorously *was*.

Second prize to Cary Grossman, of Phoenix, Arizona, for a spoof of Hemingway that neatly skewers Papa's laconic flatness:

It was late and the leopards broke into the temple and drank what was in the sacrificial pitchers. In the day it was hot but it was cool at night and the leopards liked to break into the temple at night. They drank what was in the pitchers down to the dregs and after they drank down to the dregs they drank the dregs.

"The leopards have broken in," the man said.

"What?"

"Leopards."

"Oh?"

"Yes."

Third prize goes to Tom Soli of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, for his pungent version of Jimmy Breslin:

It was the same as the other times. The priest and the monsignor stood in the dim sacristy, looking at their empty chalices. The scent of incense hung heavy in the close room.

"It was the same ones," the priest sighed.

"The Leopards? You sure?"

"I'm sure. I couldn't mistake those bikes."

The bishop, who had been standing in the doorway, took a last drag on his cigarette and dropping it on the floor.

"Look, fellas, I'm getting tired of this. It happens every time. Write it into the ceremony; put it in Latin. I'll get the man in Rome to okay it."

They looked at the bishop and nodded.

"Could've been worse," the priest muttered. "Could've been the Hell's Angels."

To each of the above $25, plus a copy of Kafka's Parables and Paradoxes.

Puzzles

Literary Crypt No. 155

JAZ BOZUJZYJ IQ QUENJY,

X YAIENT YUM, XY JI PZ

LIGYLXIEY IQ GIGZ.

JAIKUY LUONMNZ

Wit Twister No. 167

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Their land, by ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
peoples ruled at last,
Is filled with ruins from the white man's past.
This church, for instance, long ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___, decays.
Its ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ recesses
and its arching bays,
___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___,
crumble and return to earth
Where, past ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___,
they await rebirth.

A.S.

Answers next issue

June Answers

Solution to Literary Crypt No. 154

Adam was the only man who, when he said a good thing, knew that nobody had said it before him.

Mark Twain

Solution to Wit Twister No. 166

wither, writhe, whiter

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 196

HOWARD FAST:
THE ESTABLISHMENT

The holy land ... was a place where a man who was a god walked on the waters of the Sea of Galilee ... where the dreams and hopes of mankind had been nailed to a wooden cross.... None of it bore any relationship whatsoever to the teeming streets of Tel Aviv.

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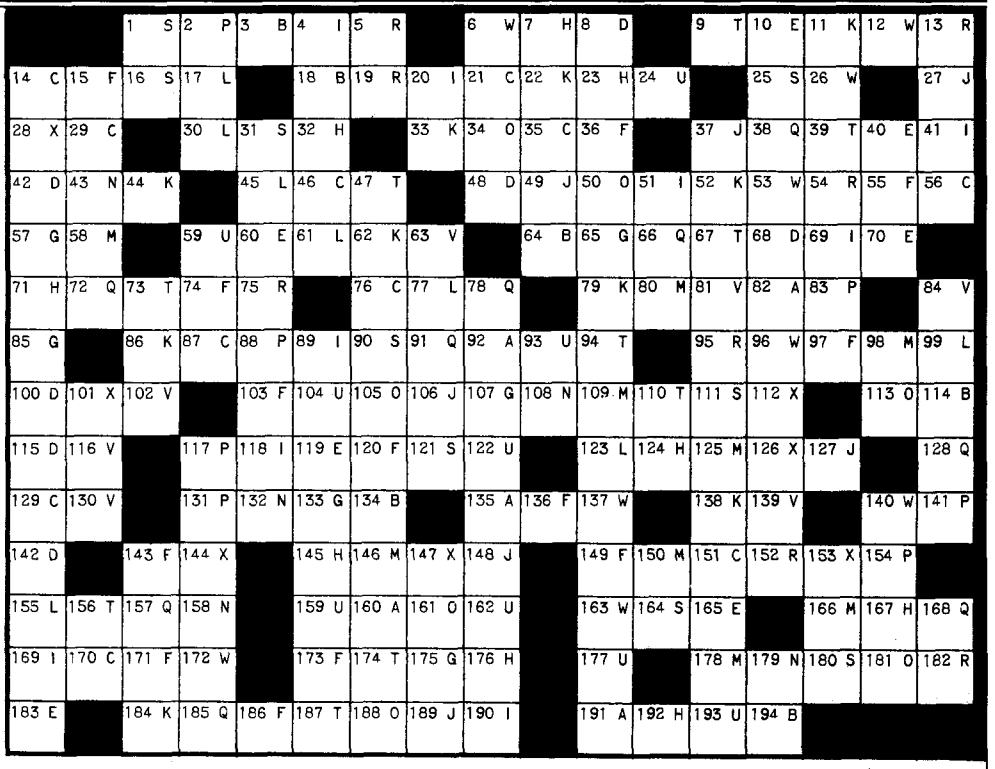
Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Double Crostic No. 197

by Thomas H. Middleton

A. What Aussies call New Zealanders — 82 92 135 160 191

B. Avoid — 3 18 64 114 134 194

C. Adjacent — 14 29 35 76 129 56 87 151 170 46 21

D. Adroit, artful management — 48 68 100 115 142 8 42

E. Color ranging from medium yellow to light orange brown (2 wds.) — 60 119 165 183 10 40 70

F. Listless, lethargic — 149 171 186 120 136 36 55 74 97 15 103 143 173

G. County in southern Scotland — 57 65 85 107 133 175

H. Mortal; human — 190 7 32 71 192 124 145 167 23

I. "I heard a voice within ___ cry" (2 wds.; Fitzgerald, "Omar Khayyam") — 41 51 69 89 118 169 162 4 20

J. Ragged clothing — 27 49 106 127 148 189 37

K. Doctrine that all knowledge is derived from experience — 62 79 184 22 33 52 86 138 44 11

L. City of north Honshu, Japan — 17 30 61 77 99 123 155 45

M. Issue, outflowing — 58 178 80 109 150 166 98 125 146

N. Giant-sized hunter who pursued the Pleiades — 179 43 108 132 158

O. Bombast, claptrap — 161 188 50 113 181 34 105

P. Tasseled cap worn by Muslim men — 117 141 154 131 88 83 2

Q. Garment of penitents (2 wds.) — 38 157 168 66 78 72 185 91 128

R. Permanent; patient — 5 182 95 13 75 19 54 152

S. Promoting growth — 164 90 16 111 25 1 31 180 121

T. Norse mariner (3 wds.) — 110 94 174 9 187 156 39 67 73 47

U. Agalloch — 162 177 24 159 93 59 104 193 122

V. Lot — 102 130 81 139 84 63 116

W. Groundskeeper's tool (2 wds.) — 172 163 6 26 12 53 140 96 137

X. King of Epirus who blinded his daughter — 153 147 28 101 144 126 112

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At last...a fine food magazine with recipes so reliable you can try them on guests without fear

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And imagine — a magazine that's positively gorgeous to look at and daydream over, but still meant to be used in your kitchen (when it's not being displayed on your coffee table).

On those occasions when you really want to make a production out of a luncheon or dinner for special guests, CUISINE can be invaluable. Its menus help you plan special events right down to the last detail — everything from a Brazilian buffet to a Russian Easter celebration. When you're in the mood to stage an all-out gourmet extravaganza, you can count on CUISINE.

But the real beauty of CUISINE is that it saves your life on those days when you run out of new ideas, when the problem is how to make just another family dinner a little bit different, a little bit exciting.

In CUISINE, you'll get the hints, tips and ideas you need to stimulate your own creativity — fabulous new recipes and entire menus, timesaving shortcuts, easy-to-accomplish things that make a routine meal something special.

From the Pages of CUISINE

- How to serve up fresh vegetables with a French flair. All about paprika — including ways to use it. How to make a truly classic onion soup. Homemade ice cream — 13 terrific flavors. Vegetable tarts. Homemade chocolates. High-rise soufflés. How to put on an Athens dinner party and an Acropolis buffet.
- Fifteen things you probably never thought of doing with eggs. The story behind the latest French revolution — La Nouvelle Cuisine. Bread winners: 12 fragrant, golden, crusty loaves. The 45-minute stroganoff dinner. Yule log cake. A global tour of super soups. How to make sensational cheesecake.
- Turkey dinner: a few delicious variations on a grand old theme. A meal made for wine and candlelight. Country-style Southern cooking. Thirteen great frozen yogurt flavors. Magical coriander. Height-of-the-season vegetables. Beautiful brunches. Take-along meals.
- How to select the right food processor. The fine art of entertaining. Spectacular kitchens that really work. New microwave cookware. Terrific places for parties. Eight wonderful ways to set holiday tables.

The heart and soul of CUISINE are the 60 or more recipes in every issue — the bright, imaginative, exciting, unusual recipes that prompted one reader to write, "The food tastes as good as it looks in the photographs," and another to comment, "It's not full of impossible dreams; the recipes are believable and workable."

And *reliable*. The word among readers is that you can safely serve a dish from a CUISINE recipe to guests without first trying it out on your family. That's no accident. Every recipe in the magazine is tested in CUISINE's kitchen to be sure it works.

CUISINE's recipes are accompanied by microwave cooking instructions where appropriate, and they're separately indexed on the magazine's contents page for easy reference.

And there's lots more. Every issue features Paul Kovi, CUISINE's Beverage Editor (and coproprietor of The Four Seasons restaurant in New York), who writes one of the most straightforward, no-nonsense wine and drink columns you've ever read. Other regular features include timesaving tips . . . reviews of new cookbooks . . . "Where to find it" shopping sources . . . and much more.

Once you've had the chance to take a look at CUISINE, I think you'll come to the same conclusion that so many other readers have come to — that CUISINE is the brightest, most original, most down-to-earth, most refreshing magazine of fine food and creative cooking you've ever seen.

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SR RECOMMENDS

Books

Fiction

O My America!, by Johanna Kaplan (Harper & Row, 286 pp., $10.95). This funny first novel begins with the death of Ezra B. Slavin, writer, intellectual, iconoclast, social critic, political activist, and culture hero. The fast-paced story of his friends, acquaintances, and hodgepodge family captures the spirit of our advanced age.

Falling in Place, by Ann Beattie (Random House, 342 pp., $10.95). John is a middle-aged suburbanite. His wife is desperately unhappy. His two children loathe each other. He falls in love with a young woman who lives in Manhattan. In relating the lives of these characters, Ann Beattie chronicles as well the foundering of the family. With a resolute lack of pretention, she keeps a sharp eye and ear out for the mundane facts of lives that don't seem much, but set a style and tone for a decade.

Nonfiction

Laying Waste: The Poisoning of America by Toxic Chemicals, by Michael Brown (Pantheon, 351 pp., $11.95). Love Canal has become a synonym for scandalous chemical disposal. As a reporter for the *Niagara Gazette*, Michael Brown discovered and exposed the health hazards posed by the Hooker Chemical Company. Now, after four Pulitzer Prize nominations, Brown moves beyond Love Canal to an often emotional indictment of national noxious waste disposal. Although he will probably be criticized for relying on anecdotal evidence, the logic of Brown's argument is compelling, and his conclusions are frightening.

Robert Oppenheimer: Letters and Recollections, edited by Alice Kimball Smith and Charles Weiner (Harvard University Press, 376 pp., $20). A hitherto unpublished series of letters, written between 1922 and 1945, shows Robert Oppenheimer, the father of the A-bomb, to be a highly vulnerable and at times embarrassingly obsequious man. His brilliance was like a laser: strikingly intense but, alas, frequently narrow as a pin.

The Lean Years: Politics in the Age of Scarcity, by Richard J. Barnet (Simon & Schuster, 317 pp., $12.95). Whoever controls world resources controls the world in a way that mere occupation of territory cannot match. Barnet takes us through the scarcities of oil, minerals, food, and water, the globalization of enterprise and labor, and the rise of nation-states.

Landscapes of Fear, by Yi-fu Tuan (Pantheon, 263 pp., $11.95). "What is it to be human? What is it to live in the world?" are the questions Yi-fu Tuan, a professor of geography at the University of Minnesota, addresses in his *Landscapes of Fear*. The answers, Professor Tuan believes, have a great deal to do with fear—and our efforts to deal with this basic emotion. Though Tuan's thoughts are not entirely original, his book provides many elegant insights into a range of topics, including child-beating, ghosts, witches, urban crime, punishment, and man's relation to nature.

A Dictionary of the English Language, by Samuel Johnson (Arno Press, 2,320 pp., $95). This book is as applauded today as when it first appeared in 1775. Now Arno Press has put out a facsimile edition of the heroic work. Containing 40,000 entries buttressed by some 114,000 quotations from English writers, the dictionary is a lot more fun to browse through than the *Oxford English Dictionary*. Although the reproductions are occasionally faint, the huge, handsome volume is a steal at this price.

Film

Bronco Billy. A sweet-natured, old-fashioned comedy romp starring and directed by Clint Eastwood. Centered around the bedraggled wild-west show, *Bronco Billy* longs for those days, back in the late Thirties and early Forties, when movies were about snobbish heiresses colliding with courtly, no-nonsense cowpokes. Eastwood delivers a deliciously self-deprecating turn as an anachronistic Boy Scout in Stetson.

The Empire Strikes Back. For the two billion humans who couldn't get enough of George Lucas's *Star Wars*, *The Empire Strikes Back* should be unalloyed bliss. The new additions don't add much that's fresh to the formula—a green silly-putty guru whose darling sagacity wears thinner with each appearance and Billy Dee Williams as an amoral smoothie. *Empire* is simply a kiddy serial.

Theater

Blackstone! (Majestic Theater, New York City). A marvelous magic show—have you ever *seen* an elephant disappear?—held together by Blackstone's pleasant personality almost as much as his stunning skills.

Oklahoma! (Palace Theater, New York City). The book is out of kilter four decades later, and this production, scenically, is an economy special, but the cast is good, and that score! Still one of the brightest in our musical theater.

Records

Gurrelieder, Arnold Schoenberg (Philips). Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra and Tanglewood Festival Chorus, with Jessye Norman (soprano), Tatiana Troyanos (mezzo soprano), James McCracken (tenor), Kim Scown (tenor), David Arnold (baritone), and Werner Klemperer (speaker). Written before Schoenberg's landmark invention of the 12-tone row, this immense score is the apex of post-romantic grandiloquence. Not only is Ozawa in unfaltering command of the song cycle's staggering complexities, he responds keenly to its drama, which is by turns lush and grotesque. Taped live, the sonic transcription faithfully renders the clarity and depth of an unforgettable performance.

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Cleopatre and **Herminie**, Hector Berlioz (Philips). Janet Baker (mezzo soprano) with the London Symphony Orchestra, Colin Davis, conductor. From fiery outcry to brooding incantation, Janet Baker's account of the trapped Queen of Egypt's eventful dramatic monologue is hair-raising. Colin Davis and the LSO, adding yet another entry to their ambitious Berlioz cycle, accompany her royally.

Mathis der Maler, Paul Hindemith (Angel), Rafael Kubelik conducting the Bavarian Radio Symphony and Chorus with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Mathis), James King (Albrecht of Brandenburg), and Urszula Koszut (Regina). The originality of the opera's orchestral colors and textures, the expressive vocal inflections, and the vigor of its choral writing make for a bracing musical pleasure as well as a provocative intellectual debate.

Die Zauberflote, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Deutsche Grammophon Privilege, 3 discs), Ferenc Fricsay conducting the RIAS Symphony Orchestra, Berlin, with the RIAS Chamber Chorus, the Berliner Mottetenchor, and Maria Stader (Pamina), Rita Streich (Queen of the Night), Ernst Hafliger (Tamino), Josef Greindl (Sarastro), and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Papageno). The reissue after 25 years of Fricsay's inspired handling of Mozart's enchanted fable is a cause for jubilation.

Art

A Century of Ceramics in the United States (Flint Institute of the Arts, Flint, Michigan). A retrospective look at the past 100 years of ceramic history, this show traces the exhilarating growth of American ceramicists from mere imitators of their European counterparts to such inventive revolutionaries as Peter Voulkos, whose torn and punched vases and plates exude a raw energy (through August 31).

Pablo Picasso: A Retrospective (Museum of Modern Art, New York City). It's been called the exhibition of the century, and that may be no exaggeration. Filling the museum with nearly 1,000 works, the spectacular show provides a sampling of the mediums—from painting and sculpture to theater and costume design—in which the great artist worked. Strolling through the rooms of the Modern, you can see why Picasso is called the father of modern art (through September 16).

The Marsden Hartley Retrospective (Art Institute of Chicago). Assembled by and first shown at New York's Whitney Museum of American Art this past spring, the exhibit has ignited a reappreciation and reassessment of one of America's first modernists. From the audacious military abstractions (among the most famous is "Portrait of a German Officer") to the late landscape paintings of Hartley's self-imposed exile in Maine, his work is characterized by brash inventiveness, painful self-examination, and terrible isolation (through August 3).

Photography

Ansel Adams and the West (St. Louis Art Museum St. Louis, Missouri). This large, if overly safe, retrospective of landscapes is worth taking in if only as a visual antidote to shimmering city pavements. A display of prodigious technique and—in a few rare, meditative instances—a tantalizing glimpse of what might have been if Adams had opted for a more personal manner of expression, the exhibit is intriguing and sometimes extraordinary (through August 3).

Henri Cartier-Bresson, Photographer (Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, Richmond, Virginia). The phenomenal success of the French photojournalist at making hauntingly beautiful pictures without losing intimate touch with the human drama they depict is memorably captured in this exhibition. Now in his seventies, Cartier-Bresson works infrequently these days, but his legacy of "decisive moments" is one of the most important in the history of the medium. The Cartier-Bresson show is as essential to photography devotees as is the Picasso spectacular for lovers of painting and sculpture (through August 10).

SR's Phoenix Code

- Outstanding
- Excellent
- Good
- Notable

Dance

Pepsico Summerfare '80 (State University of New York in Purchase). Among the many dance companies performing is a group of matchless tapsters, the Copacetics. Delighting the eye and ear in rhythms both traditional and improvisational, the tappings of these gentlemen are clear expressions of fun, excitement, bravado, wordless poetry, and joy. Pepsico also offers ballet, modern dance, and experimental works (July 11 to August 10).

The Paul Taylor Dance Company (American Dance Festival, Durham, North Carolina). Taylor's company is at the peak of its form, which means at the peak of modern dance. At New York's City Center this past spring, Taylor choreographies, old and new, delighted capacity audiences. Some dances commented on the foibles of us all with biting satire and fey wit. Others, like the world-famous *Aureole*, whisked us off into airy realms of beauty with their expansive, adventurous movements. The Taylor dancers are on view again this month at Duke University (July 7 to 12).

Bowyer and Bruggeman (Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, Becket, Massachusetts). These two dance pas de deux and modern dance duets, but they do it for laughs. Cavorting through dances that caricature classical ballet, Martha Graham-style modern dance, French farces, and whatever strikes their fancy, Bowyer and Bruggeman have had Manhattan audiences rocking this season. (July 15 to 19).

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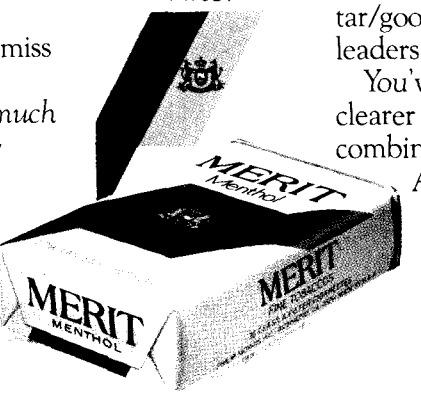

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100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—
100's Men: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'79

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